BURTON-WOOD.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

BY A LADY.

VOLUME II.

DUBLIN:
PRINTED BY J. A. HUSBAND,
FOR
W. SLEATER, S. PRICE, T. WALKER, J. BEATTY,
R. BURTON, H. WHITESTONE, P. BYRNE,
T. WEBB, and J. CASH.

M, DCC, LXXXIII.

48.
4. 7.
66.

BURTON WOOD.

ELLEN BATEMAN *to Miſs* STOCKLEY.

O maddim, wot a pore miſarebel retch I ham.—my marſter as kil'd the curnel, and my miſers has bin in fits evir ſenſe.—Wilyem his deſtructed, and ſwares like a truper, and ſays, if as how he now'd hu made my marſter gallows, he woude certanely kil him.—I beleves in my hart he reſpects me, for he has gloutede mortalely evir ſenſe he harde me ſa the curnel wos fond of my miſers. Wel, I cartanly wiſhes I hadden bin ſo wickid. Bit I begs pardin, maddim, I am ſure I donte mene to caſte no inflections; but wen one

nows

nows al this meſchef is partely wuns one duing why it makes won mallincoly, as a boddy ma ſa.—Nobbody as never ſene nuthing at al of my marſter ſenſe. Wilyem ſaſe as he beleves as how hes gone beond ſee, and mahap he ma be takene by the frenſh. Vot a fine kittel of fiſh I ave made ont, as the ſaaing is. I begs, maddim, you wil try to git me antuther place, for I ſuppoſes I ſhant ſta here long. Lord be gude unto me, places are no inherithons, now adaſe, and purhaps I ma live upon my one hands, as a boddy ma ſa. And ſo I concludes your dewtiful

reſpected ſervant,

ELLIN BATEMEN.

Captain

Captain WILLIAMS *to Mrs.* M. STANLEY.

IT is with the deepeſt reluctance I find myſelf under a neceſſity of giving pain to the worthieſt of human beings. (Such is the characteriſtic of the amiable Mrs. Stanley.) Arm yourſelf, dear madam, againſt the ſhocking intelligence I am obliged to communicate.—The ill-fated colonel Beville conjured me to ſoften every circumſtance to you relative to this horrid affair.—But truth impells me to declare I was this morning a melancholy witneſs to a duel between him and the unfortunate Mr. Stanley, in which the former received a mortal wound.—Yes, madam, the two inſeparables fought; owing, as I gueſs, to ſome dreadful miſapprehenſions—Fatal has the conteſt proved to my beloved Francis, who lies in thoſe concluſive agonies which precede a final diſſolution.—It may be ſome conſolation to be told, your huſband immediately

diately ſet off for the continent, and I imagine, by the time you receive this, he will be out of danger of purſuit. I am, madam,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

THOMAS WILLIAMS.

Mr.

Mr. MARSHALL *to Miſs* STOCKEY.

BEHOLD the dread effects of cruel revenge and illicit wiſhes!—A once happy family made for ever miſerable, and a worthy gentleman ſacrificed to unjuſt ſuſpicion.—
—Stockley retribution is not far diſtant.—Thoſe awful charms will not ſecure thee from the piercing woundings of an irritated conſcience.—The ſcene I ſo lately beheld, has *indeed* awakened mine.—Why did I cloſe with thy deteſtable propoſals?—Why conſent to be an agent in ſuch execrable deſigns? Monſter that I am, to deſtroy the fame of a woman whoſe virtue I found impregnable, and ſtab the peace of my *guardian—friend—protector!*—Yes, thoſe were the words that that excellent creature adopted,* to ſtrike my mind with a ſenſe of the atrocious act I had premeditated.—Dreadful recollection! How it tears my burſting heart!—One moment muſt

* See Maria's note to Marſhall, Vol. I.

muſt be allowed to poignant ſorrow.—This overcharged boſom demands relief— * * *

* * * * * * * * * * * *

You may gueſs how earneſt I was to execute your commands, which perfectly accorded with my own deſires, when I aſſure you I reached Stanhope-ſtreet by that evening.—In anſwer to my haſty enquiry, the ſervant informed me, Col. Beville went out ſome hours before in a hired chaiſe accompanied by one gentleman, and with only one attendant.—Almoſt frantic, I conjured the man to tell me, if poſſible, what road they took.—The poor fellow, gueſſing, by my diſtracted looks, that my buſineſs was of the utmoſt conſequence, ſaid, he could only direct me to the inn from whence the chaiſe was taken.—I flew to the place, and found it was hired to go to Rocheſter.—This being on the way to Burton-Wood, I ſtaid not for refreſhment, but immediately followed them, nor ſtopped but to change horſes till I came to Rocheſter.—They had left that place; from thence I traced them to a ſmall village, and paſſing through

through a paltry inn-yard, met—Stanley.—He ſtarted when he ſaw me, I ſeized his reluctant hand and preſſed to know what had induced him to riſe at ſo early an hour. (It was then ſcarcely four o'clock.) "I might "undoubtedly retort the queſtion, Marſhall, "but it is enough to ſay buſineſs called me "hither."—The dejected and gloomy air, which prevailed through his whole form, froze my ſoul. His dreſs was careleſs, and his manner indicated extreme diſtreſs. I was at that moment tempted to diſcover the horrid plot, the infernal ſucceſs of which had wrought ſuch a ſtriking change in the noble fellow.—O that I had explained the whole of that ſhocking myſtery! With pleaſure would I have ſubmitted to the mortal ſtroke which inſulted goodneſs might juſtly have levelled againſt a heart ſo foul and corrupt as Marſhall's. But, ſtruck with an idea that Anna Stockley's ruin would be involved in mine, I ſuppreſſed the important truth, and innocence became a ſacrifice to blackeſt guilt.—Inly determined to prevent the cataſtrophe I

ſo much dreaded, it was with difficulty Stanley eluded my watchful eye, which in ſpite of my vigilance he found means to do.—My enquiries were for ſome time ineffectual, till the hoſtler informed me he ſaw three gentlemen go through a ſmall gateway leading to an adjoining meadow. Quick as lightening I darted into the incloſure.—But, O my God! what a ſcene!—Captain Williams, (whom I immediately knew,) ſupporting the fainting colonel,) vainly attempting to ſtop the vaſt effuſion of blood which flowed from his wounded breaſt! —Stanley, leaning againſt a tree, his hands claſped together, his eyes fixed upon the dying Beville with mournful eagerneſs, and ſuch a mixture of terror and compaſſion as would have awakened pity in the hardeſt nature!—Before the unfortunate combatants were ſeparated, Beville graſped the hand of our wretched friend, and, in tremulous accents, uttered, "O Stanley—ſome cruel "enemy—has wrought this—bloody deed.— "Thy wife is as chaſte as a veſtal.—I forgive thee,

"thee, Henry, but thou wilt find—too "late."

He could not articulate another ſyllable, but was carried off almoſt inſenſible.—

Just as we were quitting the ſanguine ſpot, a gentleman, who was to have been Stanley's ſecond, approached. He was apparently ſhocked at the ſight of his friend, who had appointed him ſome moments after the dreadful time.—But Stanley's precipitation would not permit him to wait.—By this gentleman's perſuaſion, he was induced to leave the fatal place. When we were got to ſome diſtance, Stanley ſtopped—and turning to me ſuddenly, in a moſt affecting tone, ſaid—"Marſhall, ſhould you ſee her, "ſay I forgive her, and mean in foreign "climes to diſſipate a miſerable exiſtence. "—Convey theſe letters to Burton-Wood,—"*they* will ſpeak my ſentiments." (Theſe letters were to his wife and mother.) Looking upon his hand, which retained the ſanguine marks of his late engagement.—"This "blood perhaps is Beville's!—Should it be

" unjuſtly ſpilt, whoſe guilt can exceed mine?
" —God of juſtice, acquit a wretch who
" ſought but to clear his injured fame."—
He then threw himſelf at the foot of a blaſted oak, nor ſtirred till a chaiſe arrived, which captain Williams had provided, and took him from the ſight of that monſter, who, in concurrence with his vengeful adherent, had been the cauſe of that dreadful ſcene.—

AFTER, this departure I went back to the inn, and found Stanley had been there ſome days, telling the people he muſt ſtay till the arrival of ſome friends, who were to accompany him to France.——

THUS far is Stockley's vengeance ſatisfied. Does ſhe meditate ſtill greater miſchief againſt theſe hapleſs victims? ſurely ſhe means not not to irritate the wrath of heaven more ſtrongly againſt her!——Here then let me implore her, in the moſt pathetic manner, to ſtop, nor endeavour to increaſe crimes which need no aggravation.—Would to God it were in my power to relieve this

diſtreſſed

diſtreſſed family!—But for Stockley, I had, ere this, made the moſt humiliating confeſſion. Alas! what can now reſtore peace to the injured Henry and Maria?—Yet I muſt try.—But no more.—Adieu, madam, adieu for ever.

Miſs STOCKLEY *to Mrs.* MONTFORD.

MONTFORD, he's ſafe.—The object of my tendereſt wiſhes is ſafe.—Marſhall's a cowardly fool.—Frightened at blood, his tender conſcience has worked up *ſuch* an epiſtle!—But does he think the ſpiritleſs expoſtulations of a diſappointed puling youth can aught affect intrepid Stockley's ſoul?—Avaunt each diſagreeable reflection, ſince the lord of my earneſt wiſhes is ſtill free to reward the moſt paſſionate flame that ever animated the female boſom!—It is true, when Stanley's life was at ſtake, I felt the pangs of infernal torment. But aſcertained of his ſafety, hope once again diſperſed her cheerful radience o'er Anna's heart. And would you believe it, the ſcornful Henry left this iſland without one kind remembrance.—Not even the ſmalleſt token that cold unfeeling civility could dictate!—No matter.—He is ſeparated from his wife.—There is ground enough to

go

go upon.—I will try the temper of his heart. Can it be impenetrable to the wiſhes of a languiſhing lady?—But O Maria!—Maria, thou art ſtill adored!—Still doſt thou pluck at the very heart-ſtrings of my noble ſoldier! But for *thee*, Beville had ſtill been living.—'Twas Stanley's unprecedented affection for *thee*, more than my machinations, that wrought that gallant fellow's death. Yes, Montford, Stanley has killed the colonel.—Tis pity!—There, indeed, the effects of love and vengeance out-ran my intentions.—But we muſt take the chance of accidents, when engaged in ſuch enterpriſes.

MONTFORD, this letter betrays marks of that incoherence and inconſiſtency I have ſo often cenſured in others.—But thou knoweſt enough of Stockley's ſentiments to place them to a proper account.—Adieu.—My next will be from Oſtend.——

Mr. STANLEY *to* MARIA.

AND canſt thou, in defiance of inconteſtible facts, plead innocence. At leaſt, I thought thee incapable of hardened wickedneſs.—No, Maria, thou art not condemned upon circumſtances alone, tho' they were ſufficient to prove thy duplicity.—Your wretched huſband's eyes were witneſs to your culpable conduct.—Alas! that Stanley ſhould accuſe Maria of inconſtancy!—Ah! couldſt thou, at this inſtant, behold the horrid effects of thine inhumanity, (I muſt call it ſo,) it might, for one moment, perhaps, ſoften the calloſity of that heart I once thought tenderneſs itſelf. —Miſtaken idea!—Cruel wife!

BUT I will complain no longer.—Thy minion ſhall feel my juſt revenge.—Or Stanley's life or Beville's muſt be the dreadful ſacrifice to thy—what ſhall I name it?——

I LEAVE you, Maria, for ever leave you.—Should the bar to thy fancied felicity be removed,

moved, Beville may triumph, and Maria be *wretched!*—Yes, it muſt be ſo.—Think as thou mayſt, happineſs was never the portion of the—Fill up the chaſm.—Incloſed are indubitable proofs of thy treachery.*——

* See the ſuppoſed correſpondence between the colonel and Maria, in vol. I.

Mr. STANLEY *to Mrs.* STANLEY, *ſen.*

SHALL an ancient mother plead to her only ſon, and plead in vain?—Shall the feeble knees of a virtuous matron be humbled to the ground without effect?—Yes, ſuch are the unmerited wrongs of the wretched Stanley,—that vain are the tender pleadings of a revered parent,—and equally vain the elaborate defence of an artful—what ſhall I call her?

O madam—Maria *was* my life my ſoul:—ſhe *is* my deſtruction!—Adieu, deareſt mother.—Transfer your affection for a wretched ſon to his helpleſs offspring.—Indeed, the tenderneſs of your nature makes this requeſt unneceſſary, from the ſtill dutiful, but miſerable,

STANLEY.

MARIA

MARIA STANLEY *to Lady* TREVOR.

IS there a wretch on earth whoſe ſituation can compare with that of the loſt Maria? —What various diſtreſſes croud to this grief-worn heart! In one ſhort month, deprived of an adoring huſband, a once unſullied character blighted, enfeebled by ſickneſs,—and, to cloſe the awful account, O Iſabel, the innocent cauſe of an amiable man's death!—Start not, my friend, at the horrid information.——Stanley has killed Beville,—and yet Maria *lives*. God of pity and conſolation, ſpare the unhappy man, who (following the infernal dictates of maddening jealouſy) has deſerted an innocent family, to deſtroy whoſe happineſs (ſo cloſely connected with his own) muſt have torn the fibres of a once-doating heart!—O may thy tender goodneſs and forgiving mercy ſuggeſt, in ſoft whiſperings, that repentance ſo effectually neceſſary to rouſe him

him to a ſenſe of his crime.—That done, thou gracious being, infuſe the lenient balm of comfort to ſoothe and compoſe his troubled mind.—

FATHER, ſon, and huſband,—endearing ſounds!—never more muſt ye bleſs the ear of wretchedneſs. Stanley has given up all claim to the ſweet the affectionate titles.—Never more ſhall the welcome names ſtrike reſponſive to the matron's heart. Alas! *that* heart is almoſt dead to the poignant ſenſe of its unprecedented miſeries.—And yet, when I think of paſt felicity and preſent pain, the dreadful contraſt ſheds anguiſh indeſcribable on this tortured ſoul!

YET let me be patient, lady Trevor.—The blow was ſudden, but ſurely fatal.—A few weeks ſince, and where was friendſhip equal to that of Beville's and Stanley's? When, lo! that harpy, baſe Suſpicion, with all her attendant furies from the infernal deep, has inſtigated my huſband to the much-lamented act!—Iſabel, *deareſt* Iſabel, adieu for ever.

Mrs.

Mrs. STANLEY *to Lady* TREVOR.

PENETRATED with indeſcribable anguiſh, the unhappy mother of the wretched Stanley ventures to addreſs lady Trevor.—O madam, how will you receive this heart-affecting intelligence?—The amiable Maria, overpowered with her intolerable ſufferings, is almoſt inſenſible to every thing but her diſtreſſed ſituation,—Were you now to ſee her, what would be your feelings?—She heeds not the infant pratling by her ſide, nor diſcovers aught but a painful ſenſe of piercing grief. Yeſterday ſhe came to my cloſet, and, laying her ſnowy hand upon her boſom, ſeemed to liſten, as if counting the vibrations of an agoniſing heart,—"Still (ſays ſhe) it "beats!—Poor flutterer!—Will not that "heavy ſtorm of deep diſtreſs, which unjuſt "calumny has raiſed, yet ſilence thy painful "throbbings?—Alas! forſaken heart, who "claims an intereſt in thee now?—Stanley "rejects

" rejects thy faith and truth.—No more ſhalt
" thou vibrate reſponſive to his own.—Dead
" to all feelings but thoſe excited by cruel
" ſorrow, ſoon muſt this painful tumult ceaſe."
Then pauſing for an inſtant, ſhe fixed her heavy eyes on me, deprived, alas! of all their ſweetneſs.—" Tell him, madam, Maria was
" *ever* the votary of virtue.—No, Stanley,
" though thou haſt murdered Beville, deſert-
" ed a hapleſs wife, and loaded an ancient
" mother with diſtreſs, yet in the ſincerity of my ſoul, I proteſt, ill-grounded jealouſy
" has been the ſole cauſe of theſe horrid
" evils.—But I forgive thee, Henry;—future
" time muſt clear my clouded fame."—Then turning to me,—" Think you, my mother,
" —Stanley will refuſe to ſee this hapleſs
" victim, when, enveloped in the awful ſhades
" of death, her pale corpſe ſhall claim his laſt
" attention?—But O cruel Henry, to cauſe
" theſe ſoul-piercing drops of ſorrow!"—
And with her handkerchief ſhe wiped away the tears that bedewed an aged parent's cheek.—
This, madam, is a ſpecimen of her affecting behaviour.

behaviour.—Since yeſterday ſhe has taken to her bed;—the ſweeteſt flower that ever was blighted by the chilling froſt of barbarous miſapprehenſion!—Her heart is broken. She cannot ſuſtain the load of miſery that preſſes upon her tortured mind. Dear lady Trevor, I will not attempt an apology for thus intereſting you in this melancholly ſubject, the attention you have ever ſhewn my ſweet Maria will countenance parental tenderneſs.—

Lady

Lady TREVOR *to Mrs.* STANLEY, *ſen.*

O Mrs. Stanley, that infamous Stockley! I have ſcarcely patience to write the horrid name.—She it is has cauſed the moſt ſhocking calamity that ever involved an innocent family in diſgrace and ruin!—Is it neceſſary, my dear madam, to confer the higheſt obligations, and moſt accummulated favours: —Is it neceſſary to be all that is amiable, all that is excellent, merely to become the objects of barbarous hatred and illicit paſſions? If ſo, we need not wonder at the horrid ſituation of Henry and Maria.—Excuſe me, I cannot proceed; my heart is, at this inſtant, overwhelmed with ſorrow. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

I will now endeaveavour to explain the cauſe of this incoherent beginning.—Yeſterday evening while weeping over my beloved Maria's heart-breaking lines, a ſervant informed

informed me an Engliſh gentleman begged permiſſion to attend me, but would not ſend up his name.—A gleam of hope ſhot through my very ſoul.—'Tis Stanley I cried; this moment introduce him.—My heart exulted in the thought of *attempting*, at leaſt, to clear my afflicted friend. Immediately—entered not Stanley—but an elegant young gentleman.—My countenance expreſſed ſevere diſappointment.—I pointed to a chair.—"No, "madam, he ſaid, it is not for *guilty* Mar- "ſhall to ſit in the preſence of Mrs. Stanley's "friend."—The words, *guilty Marſhall* ſtruck me.—Maria had informed me of his culpable conduct reſpecting herſelf, and I imagined it was that he hinted at.—Falling on his knees he burſt into tears.—"O madam, (he ſaid) you "ſee before you the horrid incendiary who "has ruined an angel, and deſtroyed the hap- "pineſs of his beſt, his only, friend! Would "to heaven my death might expiate the at- "trocious fault!—I had not power to offer any other interruption than to bid him riſe;

which

which he did, and aſſumed the attitude of poignant diſtreſs, while the tear of contrition ſtood confeſſed in his downcaſt eye.

"PERHAPS (ſaid he) your ladyſhip knows "not I had the preſumptuous villainy to treat "the wife of my guardian with a freedom to- "tally repugnant to that immaculate purity "which is her diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic, "and that I met with the contempt ſuch abo- "minable baſeneſs deſerved.—It is indeed too "true,—and alas moſt true,—that, in conſe- "quence of her noble reſentment, I entered "into the deſigns of a wicked abetter, and "ſought to deſtroy the happineſs of one, who, "from the general tenor of her conduct, was "entitled to the higheſt adoration.—The in- "fernal ſpirit that prompted me was—Miſs "Stockley!"

GOOD heavens! if the dreadful artillery of the ſkies had that moment rattled above my head, it could not have produced a more terrible effect!

"STOCKLEY!—Gracious powers! is it "poſſible!—What, ſhe whoſe obligations to

"the

" the injured family were of ſuch a nature as
" to preclude the moſt diſtant poſſibility of
" return?"——

" YES, madam, that very woman who
" received—but I need not enumerate par-
" ticulars.—Liſten, dear lady, with patience
" to the horrid facts I have yet to utter.—
" You have need of fortitude.—But I am de-
" termined to clear the ſullied fame of Mrs.
" Stanley, though my own appear in the
" blackeſt light. You may be amazed that
" Miſs Stockley could concert any ſcheme for
" the deſtruction of a family to whom ſhe
" owed ſuch recent obligations! But, O lady
" Trevor, ſhe had unhappily conceived a
" paſſion for the lieutenant, from the com-
" mencement of their acquaintance, which
" received additional ſtrength from the vio-
" lence of her diſpoſition, and the ſeverity of
" her diſappointment, and ſhe conſequently
" deteſted the innocent preventer of her bliſs.
" —Determined to effect a ſeparation between
" the happy pair, ſhe took advantage of
" (what

which he did, and aſſumed the attitude of poignant diſtreſs, while the tear of contrition ſtood confeſſed in his downcaſt eye.

"PERHAPS (ſaid he) your ladyſhip knows "not I had the preſumptuous villainy to treat "the wife of my guardian with a freedom to- "tally repugnant to that immaculate purity "which is her diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic, "and that I met with the contempt ſuch abo- "minable baſeneſs deſerved.—It is indeed too "true,—and alas moſt true,—that, in conſe- "quence of her noble reſentment, I entered "into the deſigns of a wicked abetter, and "ſought to deſtroy the happineſs of one, who, "from the general tenor of her conduct, was "entitled to the higheſt adoration.—The in- "fernal ſpirit that prompted me was—Miſs "Stockley!"

GOOD heavens! if the dreadful artillery of the ſkies had that moment rattled above my head, it could not have produced a more terrible effect!

"STOCKLEY!—Gracious powers! is it "poſſible!—What, ſhe whoſe obligations to "the

" the injured family were of ſuch a nature as " to preclude the moſt diſtant poſſibility of " return?"——

" YES, madam, that very woman who " received—but I need not enumerate par- " ticulars.—Liſten, dear lady, with patience " to the horrid facts I have yet to utter.— " You have need of fortitude.—But I am de- " termined to clear the ſullied fame of Mrs. " Stanley, though my own appear in the " blackeſt light. You may be amazed that " Miſs Stockley could concert any ſcheme for " the deſtruction of a family to whom ſhe " owed ſuch recent obligations! But, O lady " Trevor, ſhe had unhappily conceived a " paſſion for the lieutenant, from the com- " mencement of their acquaintance, which " received additional ſtrength from the vio- " lence of her diſpoſition, and the ſeverity of " her diſappointment, and ſhe conſequently " deteſted the innocent preventer of her bliſs. " —Determined to effect a ſeparation between " the happy pair, ſhe took advantage of

" (what

" (what I now bluſh to call) my paſſion for
" Mrs. Stanley, and prompted me to write that
" letter which met with a ſevere, though
" juſt reception.—Blinded by mortified vanity
" and diabolic revenge, I was fatally per-
" ſuaded to join in her deſtructive plan, and
" her prolific brain invented ſeveral letters,
" which threw a criminal ſhade upon the ac-
" actions of colonel Beville and Mrs. Stanley.
" —Their writing was imitated to the great-
" eſt nicety.—Theſe letters were conveyed
" to the lieutenant's notice by the means of
" an ignorant ſervant, whoſe honeſty Miſs
" Stockley's bounty had corrupted.—Various
" were the methods employed to infuſe the
" blackeſt ſuſpicions into the mind of the
" noble Stanley.—Here, madam, (giving me
" a packet,*) is the whole of a correſpon-
" dence, which may tend to elucidate this
" ſhocking buſineſs, and corroborate my evi-
" dence.—Mr. Stanley is in France.—I think
" at St. Omers.—There is no doubt you will
" make

* See Marſhall and Stockley's correſpondence.

"make a proper uſe of thoſe letters, which "will moſt certainly undeceive the miſerable "huſband, and clear the fame of a faultleſs "wife.

"FOR me, lady Trevor, (and he claſped "his hands with inconceivable agony,) for "me remains the excruciating conſideration, "—that I have helped to deſtroy a worthy "gentleman, and, where my beſt ſervices "were due, have cancelled the obligation by "actions which give me the utmoſt horror to "review. A few days hence I ſhall be on "my paſſage to a far-diſtant clime.—Europe "ſhall no longer contain ſo black a monſter. "Only one more requeſt—(and he again fell "upon his knees)—plead with the ſuffering "pair not to execrate the wretched Mar-"ſhall."

HE then, (though I wiſhed a farther explanation of the atrocious confederacy) departed, and left me almoſt ſtupified with terror. —Sir James immediately ſet off for St. Omer's, and will leave no method untried

"to

to reſtore Stanley to his unhappy Maria.—But, O madam, ſhould death claim that drooping excellence in conſequence of her preſent calamities, then will Henry's wretchedneſs be complete.

Adieu, deareſt Madam.

Lady

Lady TREVOR *to Mrs.* STANLEY, *Sen.*

LITTLE did I imagine Stockley's fate could excite aught but thankfulneſs to heaven for the welcome deliverance from ſuch a monſter of inhumanity!—Yet the tale I have to relate demands the tear of pity.——Even *you*, madam, muſt ſhudder at the ſignal vengeance that has overtaken the wretched creature.

NOTWITHSTANDING the moſt particular enquiry after our unhappy friend, at St. Omers, Sir James could not obtain the ſmalleſt intelligence, and left that place diſappointed and unhappy.—Driving through a village, ſome diſtance from thence, the horſes, from the careleſsneſs of the poſt-lad, ran againſt a gentleman and beat him down.—My huſband left the chaiſe to aſſiſt the perſon, who proved to be———the object of his preſent purſuit.

STANLEY immediately recogniſed Sir James, as they received their education at one ſchool, though many years had elapſed ſince that period.

HE

He endeavoured to avoid my husband's presence; and it was with much difficulty Stanley was persuaded to adjourn to a house in the village. They went to a private room, and Sir James explained the whole of that infernal transaction so pathetically described by Marshall; and likewise read those papers containing the iniquitous correspondence. Stanley listened with the most earnest attention but, when he heard the dreadful account of Maria's insanity, heart-rending groans burst from his loaded bosom, and he fell senseless to the ground. Vain was every application, and for some time he seemed totally void of recollection; when, starting from the torpid delirium, his whole frame was shaken with agonies which cannot be described.

During the height of this pathetic distress, a lady burst into the room, and betrayed the greatest confusion at Stanley's affecting appearance. But imagination can scarcely picture a scene so inconceivably dreadful as the following:——

Henry

HENRY no ſooner beheld the perſon, (for, O Madam, it was Miſs Stockley!) than he ſnatched up a piſtol, mechanically as it were, and preſented it at her. My huſband caught the inſtrument of fate from his hand. Striking his forehead with a clenched fiſt, "O Sir "James (he ſaid,) take the murderer from "my ſight;—let her not ſink my miſerable "ſoul to deeper perdition. Monſter, begone! "—My brain's on fire!—I cannot bear thy "deteſted preſence."—She held him by the coat, and falling on her knees, with a moſt terrifying wildneſs of aſpect,—"If (ſaid ſhe,) "I have acted derogatory to the nice deco-"rums of my ſex,—if I merit the vile epithets "thou brandeſt me with,—for whoſe ſake "have I purchaſed the indelible diſgrace?— "Is it not for *thee*, ungrateful Stanley?—Is it "not for thy ſake, Stockley is rendered hate-"ful to heaven,—the world,—and herſelf? "But do not triumph, Sir.—Half my wiſhes "are obtained.—Maria is the victim of a juſt "revenge;—her boaſted excellencies are now "no more." Henry flung from her.—Infer-

"nal wretch!—What wouldeſt thou ſay?—"Are Maria's ſufferings a theme for *tri-*"*umph?*" Then claſping his hands, and look-ing up to heaven,—"Oh! thou avenging "God, (he ſaid,) is there not a puniſhment "for this fiend of deſtruction?" The epithet ſeemed applicable.—She ſtamped, and uttered, with a tone of triumph and diabolic cruelty, "Yes, Stanley, the wife of thy *boſom*, feels, "to her inmoſt ſoul, the effects of my great "revenge. Callous as I have found that "heart, there is yet one penetrable part that "will be ſtruck with the fire of inſanity from "Maria's eyes." My huſband now inter-fered; but ſhe flung from him with the moſt ſcornful rage; and again turning to poor Stanley, "You called me *murderer!*—now "ſee me prove my title to that application."—And, O madam, ſhe caught the piſtol from the table, and in one moment ruſhed into eternity.

HERE the awful ſcene muſt cloſe;—what followed was horror and confuſion. The feeling of the ſpectators may poſſibly be imagined.

gined.—The body was immediately carried off, and my husband persuaded Stanley to accompany him to Paris. He knows I am writing to Burton Wood; and begs, through Sir James's interposition, I will inclose a few lines from himself. Hasten, dear lady, some reviving intelligence of our friend, or Isabel will be most wretched.

Mr. STANLEY *to Mrs.* STANLEY, *ſen.*

ONCE did an ancient mother write on her bended knees,—and O! my God, ſhe wrote in vain.—And once did my wronged my injured love condeſcend to expoſtulate with her cruel huſband, whom ſhe juſtly called the deſtroyer of her fame.—But fruitleſs were the venerable parent's entreaties;—and vain the tender expoſtulations of ſuffering innocence.—How could I think *that* angelic ſweetneſs capable of deception!—O blind and barbarous *deſtroyer* of domeſtic felicity.—How have I, by the madneſs of jealouſy, daſhed from my lips the cup of tranquil happineſs? And yet, madam, were you to know the various arts which have been practiſed upon a warm and ſuſceptible diſpoſition, it might contribute to reconcile you to a conduct, till now, inexplicable.—Diſtraction! where ſhall the murderer find peace? Tell me, does Maria live, or does her premature death complete

plete the meaſure of my woes? This hand deſtroyed my excellent Beville! But no! thou tremendous God, it was Stockley and Marſhall, I was but the inſtrument to their curſed deſigns.—Alas! I meant but to enquire for my ſweet love.—If *ſhe* is gone, Stanley lives no longer.

Mrs. STANLEY *ſen. to Lady* TREVOR.

SHALL weak ſhallow-ſighted mortals preſume to judge of futurity by the preſent? —Shall the ignorant conception of a feeble worm dare to meaſure power omnipotence by the attenuated line of its own conceited underſtanding?—Superlative ignorance!—The unexpected conſequence of our premature calculations generally evinces the weakneſs of that foundation on which we build our hopes and proſpects, while toiling through the rugged paths of a miſerable exiſtence.

FOR ſeven years I mourned the abſence of a tenderly beloved ſon. Unſupported by aught but a patriotic ſenſe of the duty we owe our country, my heart was continually agitated with alternate hopes and fears.—One day ſoaring above the clouds in joyful expectation.—The next, perhaps depreſſed to the depths of imaginary diſtreſs.—But when revolving time had again reſtored the darling object of maternal affection to my raptured ſight

ſight then did my bliſs ſeem perfect, and was truly confirmed by this union with the beſt of women. Yes, lady Trevor, I was ſurely grateful to the diſpenſer of bleſſings.—With thankful rapture have I enjoyed the preſent bliſs, and propheſied the future happineſs of this ineſtimable pair.—And yet, ſuch are the inſcrutable operations of an awful judge, this ſcene of felicity is overthrown by the heavieſt calamity that ever preſſed the drooping ſpirits of ſorrowing age.

My dear madam, your tender heart has ſympathiſed with the afflicted Maria, thro' every ſtage of her misfortunes. But were you now preſent to behold the bitter conſequence of thoſe misfortunes, that heart could not ſupport the trying conflict.—Ah turn your eyes, ye favourites of fortune, to that lovely victim of infernal treachery!—*There* view the inefficacy of the moſt amiable perfections of mind and body, when oppoſed to the dark machinations of vengeful cruelty. Who can behold that once-pleaſing form, thus emaciated and forlorn, without feeling the tendereſt

ſympathy?—Who ever merited the indulgence of heaven like Maria Stanley?—And whoever experienced, like her, ſuch vaſt affliction?—Be ſilent then, preſumptuous murmurer, nor dare arraign that providence, which, for its own wiſe ends, lets looſe the powers of deſtruction on the head of unoffending innocence.—Could Stanley view the face he ſo lately idoliſed, what would be his feelings?—Too late, I fear, is Marſhall's confeſſion, to relieve this diſtreſſed angel. Too late is my miſerable ſon undeceived: for oh! lady Trevor, the dear ſufferer is all but gone.—I ventured yeſterday, to touch the affecting ſubject in her preſence.—She noticed not my diſcourſe till the name of Stanley met her ear, and ſhe uttered, in a low voice, "Cruel Stanley."—Rejoiced to hear her ſpeak, I went to the bed ſide, and ſaid,—Stanley, my child, is no longer inſenſible to the merit of his beloved Maria. She looked at me—ſighed—and fainted.—We thought her for ever gone.—She at laſt recovered, *but* to reſume her former ſtate of inſenſibility. Such, my dear madam,

is

is the ſituation of your friend.—Perhaps the preſence of my ſon, might contribute to reſtore her diſſipated ſenſes.—But, alas! how ſhall the arduous experiment be made?—An involuntary exile from England.—What dangers might attend his appearance in that country to whoſe laws he has made himſelf obnoxious?—I dare not touch upon your dreadful intelligence, more than to ſay,—may heaven forgive the cruelty of thoſe whoſe hearts were callous to every perfection that can adorn a human being.——

Mrs. STANLEY *to her Son.*

AND art thou, at laſt, my unhappy Henry, made ſenſible of Maria's virtue?—What her affecting expoſtulations and blameleſs character failed to prove, the teſtimony of a black (tho' unhardened) villain has effected.—I mean not to wound thy wretched heart with retroſpective reflections or corroding intelligence.—Enough muſt my Stanley's ſenſibility be hurt by his own extreme ſenſe of our calamities. Maria lives, my dear ſon.—Would to heaven thy preſence were permitted in England. The effects, ariſing from ſuch a ſtep, might poſſibly be equal to our ſanguine wiſhes.—Obſerve I ſay *poſſibly*, for though thy parent would not farther alarm, yet ſhe muſt not flatter. Gueſs what muſt be our ſituation, when I tell you, it is the only chance left for reſtoring my unhappy child's diſſipated ſenſes. Adieu, deareſt Henry——

Mrs.

Mr. STANLEY *to his Mother.*

WHAT are the moſt accumulated pains, nay death itſelf, when offered as the purchaſe of Maria's tranquility?—Trifling ſacrifice.—With tranſport would I make the trial, though certain of paying the price. Think you, my revered mother, the preſence of a repentant huſband can alleviate the ſufferings of my amiable wife?—O madam, I fly to that loved being who is by me reduced to ſuch an affecting ſituation.—Prepare the ſweet Maria (if poſſible) to expect her once-cruel Henry.—I would give up years of life for one moment's interview.—Oh! ſhe is dearer to my ſoul than the hope of everlaſting bliſs!—Her diſtreſſes pluck at my very heart-ſtrings.—Great heaven, befriend each ardent endeavour for the reſtoration of ſo perfect ſo immaculate a purity!—My ſweet infant too!—Shall I again claſp thee in the arms of paternal love?—Again

embrace

embrace my venerable parent?—Yes, I feel myſelf enraptured with the extatic thought!—

You, my mother, will not condemn thoſe tears of affection, which fall involuntarily, through eager expectation, and might be thought, by the unfeeling part of mankind, to diſgrace the cheek of a ſoldier.—Farewell, thou beloved of my ſoul.

Lady

Lady TREVOR *to Mrs.* STANLEY.

My dear madam,

YOUR letter to Mr. Stanley has occaſioned an extraordinary revolution in his mind and countenance.—No ſooner did he find his preſence was ſtill deſired at Burton-wood, than the long-ſettled gloom gave way to extatic hope and rapturous expectation.—— "She lives!—O madam, Maria lives!" ——Was his joyful exclamation.—"I am "encouraged to hope ſhe will not deſpiſe the "offending huſband who tinctured her days "with bitterneſs extreme."—He would have ſet out immediately, and I believe thought hardly of poor Iſabel for detaining him (though for ſo ſhort a time) from his dear Maria.—But I have perſuaded him to ſacrifice a few more hours to painful uncertainty, as Sir James, who is upon a little excurſion, will probably attend him to England.—*Your* letter my friend, has given *me* pain unutterable;

Henry

Henry undoubtedly expected a ſight of it, but I could not think of lowering his ſanguine hopes, which that letter would moſt aſſuredly check.—Reſtore, thou benevolent Being, the health and ſenſes of our invaluable friend. A ſudden interruption * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

YOU will be exceſſively amazed, my good Mrs. Stanley, to find I have had a viſitor. —It was—Marſhall.——Contrary winds detained him ſo long in port that he could not refrain once more inquiring for the afflicted family.—His behaviour was manly, —but dejected; and his whole countenance beſpoke a conſciouſneſs of that fatal error we muſt ever deplore.—He bowed gracefully, and ſaid, "Will you, madam, permit a "wretched youth to aſk the fate of thoſe "who owe to unhappy Marſhall their unpre-"cedented miſery?"—"Certainly, ſir, and I "wiſh my intelligence were ſuch as might "encourage your early return to virtue.— "But indeed my information will only tend "to ſtrengthen your uneaſineſs.—Have you

"heard

"heard aught of Miſs Stockley's fate?"—The poor young man trembled.—(Excuſe, dear Mrs. Stanley, the term expreſſive of pity, even *you*, the mother of that ſuffering pair, will own the penitent entitled to ſoft commiſeration.)—To proceed.—I related each particular of Stockley's death and Stanley's grief.—He attended my communication, when ſuddenly the door opened, and even at this period I tremble to ſay,—your ſon entered the room.—Good God! no pen can deſcribe, no painter delineate, the attitude and countenance of wretched Marſhall!—I think, had he committed againſt me the moſt unparallelled crimes, reſentment, for that moment, muſt have ſubſided.—He threw himſelf upon his knees, drew his ſword, and, in theſe affecting terms, addreſſed the aſtoniſhed Stanley, who was abſolutely torpid from ſurpriſe.——

"THUS low at the feet of his guardian—
"friend—protector—a ſelf-doomed victim
"waits the welcome ſtroke; happy to re-
"ceive it from the hand of him who has

"met

" met with diabolic treachery as a reward
" for charity, benevolence, and the moſt con-
" deſcending goodneſs that ever adorned the
" Chriſtian boſom.—Here, ſir, (preſenting
" the ſword.)—take my life.—A poor un-
" worthy ſacrifice to wrongs like yours. And
" may the crimſon fluid expunge the foul diſ-
" honouring ſtain that blots the guilty Mar-
" ſhall's name,"——

HAD he continued for an hour the ſoul-moving ſtrain, Stanley, I am certain would not have interrupted him. But, finding Marſhall incapable of farther ſpeech, from the violence of his emotions, took him by the hand, and, attempting to raiſe him, " O
" William, (he ſaid) may the Almighty for-
" give my ſins as truly as I forgive the moſt
" palpable injuries.—Thy unexampled peni-
" tence entitles thee to every conſideration.—
" It was great heaven's permiſſion, preſump-
" tuous Stanley ſhould be humbled, and ſhall
" I revenge myſelf upon thoſe who were the
" inſtruments of my ſalutary humiliation?—Go

" hence

" hence in peace, nor let tormenting thoughts
" diſturb the tranquility of your ſoul."—

" HEAR me (replied the frantic Marſhall)
" you know not half the villainy of the
" black incendiary before you.—You muſt be
" ignorant that the impious wretch at your
" feet dared to lift his eyes to the angelic
" Mrs. Stanley, and that in conſequence of
" her juſt contempt I joined the infamous
" Stockley in her deſtructive plan of re-
" venge.——Will not this intelligence rouſe
" your irritated ſpirit to retaliation?"——

STANLEY's countenance betrayed vexation. —The crimſon hue of reſentment tinctured his manly face.—" There needed not (ſaid " he) this cruel retroſpect.—Why wilt thou " make my free forgiveneſs a meritorious act? " —I am no ſtranger to the barbarities prac- " tiſed upon my injured wife."—So ſaying, he left the room.—But Marſhall (ſtarting up) cried—" Stay, thou dear abuſed friend, ſtay, " and clear diſhonour from your name, by the " extinction of him who has blotted the " ſpotleſs page of thy fair character, in at-

" tempting

" tempting the honour of thy wife."—It was well Henry heard him not, or the preſumptuous youth, whom deſpair had rendered fearleſs of conſequences, might have repented his temerity.—After a few minutes ſilence, he turned to me, and ſaid, " Pity " the creature who is almoſt diſtracted at the " ſight of that noble victim to his vileneſs. " Stockley, you ſay, is dead, (and he wrung " his hands) wretched Stockley I lament thy " precipitate fate.—How didſt thou dare to " ruſh into the preſence of an offended Deity, " neither aiming at, nor wiſhing to make, " expiation for thy crimes?—One queſtion, " madam, and I trouble you no longer.—Is " Stanley reconciled to his blameleſs wife?"—

" STANLEY, ſir, deeply repents his injuries " to that ineſtimable woman, and earneſtly " wiſhes to ſee her, but the uncertainty of " Mr. Beville's fate renders it dangerous at " leaſt to indulge the rational deſire."——

" DEAR madam, if the continuance of his " exile depends upon *that*, never more muſt " he viſit the hoſpitable dwelling.—It is ſure

" the

"the colonel could not ſurvive the fatal "wound.—I have every reaſon to ſuppoſe "he died the evening ſucceeding the dreadful "duel. Farewell, dear lady.—May every act "of humanity, you have ſhewn thoſe lamented "objects, be trebled in bleſſings upon you "and yours."—He then departed, and left "me full of pity for his ſorrows,——

THIS moment Sir James is arrived, but cannot attend our worthy friend to England, as he muſt again return to Verſailles, where particular buſineſs demands his immediate attendance.—Stanley will be with you ſoon after this letter.—May his appearance diſpel the heavy cloud of grief which has ſo long ſhed its noxious vapours over the dear inhabitants of Burton-Wood.——

Mr.

Mr. STANLEY *to Sir* JAMES TREVOR.

I AM now, my dear, Sir James, within three miles of that delightful dwelling which contains my heart's deareſt treaſure,—but muſt wait the cloſe of the day, ere I can be admitted to my loved Maria.—Strange to tell, my nerves are totally unſtrung.—Expectation and anxious hope have almoſt conquered my fortitude, and rendered me impatient to a culpable degree.—In vain do I lament the tedious hours.—It were better, perhaps, to beguile them of their flow and heavy motion, by relating an adventure which will excite your wonder.—Wrapped in a cloſe diſguiſe, I quitted the packet, and immediately repaired to the hotel, at Margate.—It was aſſembly night, and the paſſages were ſo crouded that it was ſome minutes ere I could enter.—By accident, my hat fell off, which was obſerved by a gentleman richly dreſſed, whoſe ſun-

ſun-burnt countenance declared him an inhabitant of the torrid zone.—I was haſtening up ſtairs when he ſtopped me.—"God of "heaven!—this is ſurely lieutenant Stanley!" —I ſtarted at the exclamation;—knew him not, but gazed, forgetful of my ſituation. He ſeized my hand with uncommon eagerneſs, and conducted me into a private room. —My companion then, claſping his arms about me, ſaid, "I pardon you, Stanley, for "this unaccountable abſence of mind, but "have you no recollection of George Thomp-"ſon?—

It was now my turn to evince a joyful ſurpriſe, when I beheld the undoubted father of unhappy Marſhall. He had left the country ten years ſince, loaded with misfortunes, and labouring under the ſtings of an irritated conſcience, from cauſes he could not bear to touch upon, even to his moſt intimate friend.—This poor man conſigned to me his only child, the illegitimate offſpring of an unfortunate lady.—I protected, loved, him, and you know my *reward*.—

Mr

Mr. Thompſon enquired for his ſon.—" O " Stanley, (he ſaid,) ere I can enter into a de- " tail of my own affairs, tell me, have I a " ſon?—To you I conſigned him.—From " you I expect the precious depoſit.—But " you are dumb.—Speak, my beloved friend. " —Tell me, is he what a fond father may " ſuppoſe?—Is he replete with thoſe ſenti- " ments of honour and goodneſs which cha- " racteriſe my beloved Stanley?—

THIS was too much.—I turned from him in ſpeechleſs anguiſh.—" Speak cried the ter- " rified father,) what has thus moved your " generous heart?—My boy is dead.—Better " ſo than infamous."—And parental tears " burſt from his eyes.—

" BE patient, Thompſon, fortitude is ne- " ceſſary; I have a dreadful ſtory to relate." —The poor man's features worked with con- vulſive agonies, and, without knowing it, he abſolutely gnaſhed his teeth and clinched his hands, in all the horrors of deſpair.—Various were the interruptions I met with from the miſerable father, during the melancholy re-

lation.

lation.—He ſtamped,—groaned,—and ſtruck his forehead with uncommon violence.—His ſtrong emotions added to my own, and it was with difficulty I finiſhed the dreadful account.

"Is this, (ſays he) the reward of Stanley's "benevolence?——Curſed villain!—What, "bite the hand that fed him!—Where is the "monſter?—I will purſue him to the depths "of the earth!—How are all my expectations "blaſted by him from whom I expected com-"fort!—With Stanley and Marſhall I thought "to divide my vaſt poſſeſſions.—One is ſink-"ing to the earth, under the preſſure of a "dreadful calamity, the other is a vagabond, "loaded with the interdiction of avenging "heaven."

He ſat for ſome moments in all the bitterneſs of ſpeechleſs grief, in which I indulged him, well knowing it would be an inefficacious attempt to ſtop the torrent of ſorrow near its ſource——

After ſome time, he raiſed himſelf, and heaving a heavy ſigh.—"'Tis well, (he ſaid,) —I muſt

"I muſt ſubmit.—Heaven's decrees are irre-
"vocable.—O Stanley you know I quitted
"England to avoid the ſhame and inconve-
"niencies of a priſon.—But you knew not I
"I had ſtronger motives, and that to grief
"and ſelf-accuſation was owing the careleſſ-
"neſs which ruined my affairs.—Alas! my
"loved Eliza's death embittered every mo-
"ment of life ſucceeding that deplorable
"event.—Even you, my dear Henry, was
"ignorant of the particulars of that fatal
"connection.—(Fatal to the ſweeteſt tender-
"eſt creature that ever owed her ruin to the
"wiles of our treacherous ſex.)—And, when I
"conſigned to thy generoſity and benevolence
"the fruit of illicit pleaſure, I gave but a
"ſuperficial account of that unfortunate af-
"fair.—Sometime hence I will give you the
"whole of a ſtory too affecting to enter upon
"at preſent.—Therefore I will only tell you,
"in a few words, the ſucceſs of my travels.—
"We had a proſperous voyage to the Weſt-
"Indies, where I was ſeized with a dreadful
"ſickneſs, the natural reſult of change of
"climate

"climate, and to the bleſſing of Providence
"I owed the reſtoration of my health, which
"was looked upon as a miraculous event.—
"After ſome few diſappointments, my ſucceſs
"in trade was amazing.—I was happy in the
"hope of rewarding my friend's generoſity
"and raiſing my child to ſplendid affluence.—
"You will wonder at not hearing from me,
"after the firſt three years.—I wrote re-
"peated letters, but received no anſwer,
"which racked my boſom with painful ſuſ-
"pence, imagining death had deprived me
"of my worthy friend, or that ſome dreadful
"accident to my child prevented your an-
"ſwering my continual inquiries after the
"fate of that unhappy being.

I undeceived him, with reſpect to my ſilence, having been five years in a diſtant part of the world, which rendered it impoſſible to hear from my valuable friend; and my mother reſiding at a great diſtance from London, miſſed thoſe letters addreſſed to me.—He went on.——

"My health daily increasing, determined "me to visit England, and endeavour to in- "vestigate the cause of your long silence.— "But alas this climate can yield no charms "to me while witnessing your unhappiness, "and revolving in my busy mind the dreadful "scene of misery you have so affectingly "painted.—Just God—how dare a wretch "like me complain?—Am I not properly "punished, by the very means which ruined "an angel?—Yes, my friend—the birth of "my miserable son, added to the consequences "of my baseness, destroyed his hapless mo- "ther.—Eliza, wilt thou forgive thy mur- "derer?—Cruel retrospect! did I not leave "her to infamy and sorrow?—Did I not re- ject her affecting petition for redress?——

I would not let him proceed, as he seemed in agony, but advised him to take some rest, and left the unfortunate man, after engaging to see him as soon as possible.—Adieu, dear Sir James. The working of an omniscient Providence, throughout these iniquitous transactions are clearly pointed out.—

We

We ſee a father puniſhed by his own child for injuries committed on that child's mother —In Stockley we ſee the violence of her paſſion hurry on that deſtruction ſhe had marked for others.—Farther I cannot obſerve, as the hidden conſequences prevent even a gueſs at futurity.—For how ſhall we explain the cauſe why *beauty*, *ſenſe*, *merit*, and the moſt exalted accompliſhments, are ſinking in deep retired diſtreſs?—I can purſue this theme no farther.——

From the Same to the Same.

I HAVE ſeen her, Sir James.—Seen the dear creature deprived of all thoſe ſweet attractive graces which excited my fond my paſſionate attention.—Sickneſs and ſorrow have entirely baniſhed the roſy hue of health from the palid cheek, and the mild enchanting ſweetneſs from her languid eyes.—And for whom has ſhe undergone this heavy change? —For whom have her ſenſes been the ſhocking ſacrifice?—Even for thee, O Stanley! —thou art the cruel inflicter of her ſufferings! —Alas! ſhe knows me not.—No, not for one moment could ſhe recogniſe her afflicted huſband.—I gazed at the heart-afflicting object till my eyes, ſuffuſed with tears, could no longer diſtinguiſh the dear invalid.—She looked at me.—"Poor man, you weep. "—What have *you* loſt a friend?"—O God! what torture! Her plaintive voice and ſoul-piercing

piercing diſtreſs gave pangs inexpreſſible to my bleeding boſom.

HA!—what ſays my revered parent;—Can I credit the fond aſſertion?—Sir James, Maria calls up her Henry!—I fly to my ſoul's treaſure.———

STANLEY, be grateful to all-merciful heaven.—Thy Maria has ſome faint traces of returning ſenſe.—I went to the bed-ſide. She put her burning hand in mine.—Alas!—ſhe is yet under the influence of a ſcorching fever.—I ſpoke.—She ſtarted.—I called her by the moſt endearing names. She gave me an expreſſive look, and her cheek was tinged with a faint but beautiful bluſh. Again I ſpoke.—She gently drew her hand from me, and claſping both together,—"It is—it ſurely muſt be Stanley".—And a flow of tears burſt from her eyes.—Yes, my friend, ſhe entirely recollected her repentant Henry, and we have hopes Maria will again bleſs her faithful friends with her fond attention.—But long will it be ere the drooping flower can raiſe it's dejected head, after being cruſhed to the earth by the unrelenting ſtorm

of keen Adverſity.—My mother is abſolutely overcome by the flattering appearance.—Oh! ſhe has been to my ſweet Maria her comforter, nurſe, and the earneſt defender of her character!—My lovely boy has contributed to revive my heart with his innocent prattle—

WHAT ſcenes of diſtreſs muſt that mortal experience, who, blinded by the madneſs of jealouſy, ruſhes to the deſtruction of thoſe objects that are ſuppoſed to kindle the raging flame!—What torture corrodes his boſom! What anguiſh preys upon his diſtracted mind! Daylight is hateful!—Darkneſs terrible!—The company of his deareſt friends becomes tedious and inſipid, and nothing can afford a gleam of ſatisfaction but the malignant pleaſure of contemplating *revenge*. While under the influence of that infernal paſſion, the ſweets of ſocial life are neglected, and while the baſe ſuſpicion gnaws his inmoſt vitals, the *man* loſes his dignity, and ſinks into a ſtate almoſt below contempt!—There is no act, however mean and low, that he will ſtick at to obtain a confirmation of what he yet dreads

dreads to know; and, ſtrange to tell, feels himſelf diſappointed when the ſervile engines he employs prove inſufficient to diſcover the fancied conſpiracy. Often have I contemplated Maria's features, when under the influence of this baleful frenzy.—How have I miſinterpreted each look, each action.—The ſmiles of friendſhip my gloomy imagination painted as the ſecret token of illicit love.—Was ſhe ſilent, I fancied the colonel occupied her tendereſt thoughts.—Did ſhe converſe it was to pleaſe him, or take off ſuſpicion.—When long-pent ſorrow had clouded the ſweetneſs of her enchanting eyes and given a ſickly tint to her once reſplendent complexion, it was Beville wrought the melancholy change, and caſt a mournful ſhade over that countenance on which (in ſpite of fell ſuſpicion) I ardently doated.—Not once did I imagine her face but reflected the weighty grief ſo viſibly predominant in my own.—Not once did I conjecture that to my altered behaviour was owing her tender concern.—Oh what pains were taken to fill my head with infernal notions and my

heart with wretchedneſs.—Peace to thy manes, unhappy Stockley! may heaven graciouſly forgive thoſe weighty tranſgreſſions which the laſt act of thy life ſo horridly completed. —May *that* laſt act meet with the free pardon of a merciful judge!—Dreadful to conſider, —that in the very moment of ungovernable paſſion, when ſtung by a thouſand ſelf-tormenting reflections, the unhappy ſinner made that awful experiment which a rational being would tremble but to think of.——

SUICIDE, thou ſhocking completer of our woes, how loſt, how abandoned, is that being who can, for one moment, adopt thy pernicious ſyſtem!—I would tell thoſe, who are under the influence of ſentiments which lead to a commiſſion of the diabolic act, that they are deſpicable *cowards*.—Cowards in every ſenſe of the word.—For, in my opinion, hardened raſhneſs is but another word for cowardice, as there are many of theſe ſelf-named heroes who would commit an action without reflection which deliberation would make them tremble at.—Are they afraid of thoſe evils which

which they perhaps bring upon themſelves? How do they ſeek to ſhun them? But putting it out of their power to ſee better days.—By confirming the truth of this hypotheſis, that a ſelf-murderer, by the mortal ſtroke, ſhuts the gate of mercy againſt himſelf.—And what are theſe mighty men, who, upon an unexpected diſappointment, will dare to take the liberty to diſpoſe of a life they never gave? —Creatures, who owe their exiſtence, and and every advantage they enjoy, to that Deity whoſe tremendous juſtice they would ſet at defiance!—Creatures, who cannot alter the ſlighteſt decree of omnipotent power; whoſe vain and impotent ſtruggles againſt the will of omniſcience ſink them ſtill deeper in the troubles they ſeek to eſcape!—What falſe heroiſm!—to turn the ſword of vengeance againſt themſelves, and (might I dare to ſay it) make it inconſiſtant with the juſtice of Omnipotence to exert its divine influence in their favour.—Excuſe, my friend, theſe reflections which flow naturally from the painful ſubject.——

The Same to the Same.

SIR James, I am loſt in the immenſity of that Deity's power who has by an act of his wonderful omniſcience, excited my grateful rapture!—Read the incloſed, and *you* will, I am ſure, join with us in thankful praiſes to the Father of mercies for the almoſt miraculous intelligence.

Captain

Captain WILLIAMS *to Mrs.* STANLEY. *jun.*

I HAVE the ſupreme happineſs to tell Mrs. Stanley, that after lingering for a tedious period on the borders of eternity, colonel Beville is yet alive.—For fourteen days he lay ſenſeleſs and convulſed, and, during that time, I thought it unneceſſary to flatter you with a glimmer of hope which the next intelligence might poſſibly extinguiſh.—Even for ſome time after, he lay in a moſt dangerous ſtate.—Yet, notwithſtanding this uncertainty, I meant at the expiration of the firſt fortnight, to have informed you of his ſituation, well knowing what an affectionate wife muſt ſuffer while ſafety of a fond huſband was in queſtion—(For undoubtedly Mr. Stanley's liberty, if not life, was in danger, while the colonel's recovery was ſo uncertain.)—But, my dear madam, a ſevere fever prevented the performance of my intentions, and I was, for a time, inſenſible as my wounded friend.—It is with

ſome

ſome difficulty I can ſit long enough to inform you Mr. Beville's wound has now aſſumed a more favourable appearance, which declaration I hope a few days will confirm.—I congratulate you, madam, upon your preſent hopes, and am your moſt obedient

THOMAS WILLIAMS.

Mr.

Mr. STANLEY *in Continuation.*

THIS letter was delivered, ſome time ſince to that ſervant who was ſuch an active agent in Miſs Stockley's barbarity—She left her place ſoon after the receipt of it;—but a a violent fever ſo far awakened her conſcience as to induce her to ſend it with the moſt earneſt petition for pardon.—She makes a free confeſſion of her wickedneſs, which entitles her at leaſt to my forgiveneſs. I ſent a ſervant to know if the colonel continued in that favourable ſtate which captain Williams ſo heartily congratulates my beloved Maria upon, and have received an anſwer which adds to my felicity, at the ſame time that it creates in me an anxiety you will not wonder at, when you are told, that to-morrow prepares another ſcene of humiliation for your friend; nothing leſs than an interview with the colonel, which is earneſtly requeſted by that injured gentleman.—How ſhall I meet

the

the man who has been brought to the gates of death by the precipitate weakneſs of his *friend?*—When, prompted by infernal jealouſy, I lifted my hand againſt the perſon who till then was dearer to me than *life, then,* even at *that inſtant,* I could have periſhed to avoid the commiſſion of an act which muſt ever involve my ſoul in trouble and diſtreſs.

Would heaven indulge me with Maria's recovery, *what* on earth could equal my happineſs!—How truly neceſſary is a ſtate of humiliation, to ſweeten thoſe after-ſcenes of proſperity which kind providence may permit us to enjoy.—Once more do I begin to reckon upon thoſe pleaſures which excited the ſweeteſt ſenſations, and rendered me the happieſt mortal breathing.——Good God! how inexpreſſibly different were my feelings (to thoſe I experienced the night ſucceeding my arrival at Burton-Wood,) when, impelled by pale-eyed melancholy, I ſtrolled through the tawny woods ſurrounding the cottage, which now begin to loſe their charming verdure. Winding through this gloomy retreat,

my

my ſteps inſenſibly led me to a walk, meandering in a ſerpentine direction, to that ſummer-houſe in which I felt ſuch tormenting anguiſh.—The evening was delightfully ſerene. Soft and gentle breezes wafted the ruſtling leaves in ſhowers to my feet.—Nature ſeemed in one of thoſe pleaſing moods ſo highly gratifying to a contemplative mind.—I felt myſelf diſpoſed to enjoy the intereſting ſcene.—Entering the ſummer-houſe, I beheld the piano-forte from which Maria was wont to draw ſuch plaintive ſounds as would lull the ſoul to a ſtate of elyſian happineſs, or, with the ſprightly air, charm melancholy and her diſmal train from even the diſtempered breaſt of moon-ſtruck madneſs.—The aurora borealis (which, at this ſeaſon of the year, darts, with a pleaſant luſtre, its lambent beams) gave light ſufficient to diſcern a muſic-book that lay open upon the inſtrument, (probably, ſince that fatal night,) in it were ſome verſes, compoſed and ſet by the dear miſtreſs of my fate, which appeared ſo very applicable to her then unhappy ſituation, that I will

venture

venture to tranſcribe them.—The muſic is charmingly pathetic, highly ſuitable to the occaſion.—Sweet creature! how conſonant to thy angelic mildneſs are the heart-moving lines.

When night had caſt her ſable veil around,
And darkneſs reign'd throughout the midnight air,
Nought broke the ſolemn ſilence but the ſound,
The plaintive ſound, that roſe from deep deſpair.

'Twas then with penſive ſtep the grove I ſought,
(Sacred to melancholy's mournful train,)
There pining ſadneſs mark'd each reſtleſs thought,
While heart-felt ſorrow urg'd the gloomy ſtrain.

Once, ye embow'ring ſhades, (the child of joy,)
I careleſs rang'd each inmoſt ſweet receſs,
(Soul piercing thought!) 'twas then my glad employ
To contemplate increaſing happineſs.

Yet oft' for others has this boſom bled,
For others woes this friendly heart cou'd feel,
Sweet heav'n-born pity drops of kindneſs ſhed,
And wept thoſe ſorrows friendſhip could not heal.

Then ſay, detractors, can ye now reſtore
The peace of mind by calumny betray'd?
Ah what on earth can heal the rankling ſore
Which fell ſuſpicion's venom'd tooth has made?

Preſumptuous

Preſumptuous mortal! dare not thus complain,
But ſilent weep thy unexampled woes;
Shalt thou the wiſe decrees of heav'n arraign?
Submit, nor dare its awful will oppoſe.

THE deep ſilence which then prevailed over the whole face of nature, the dazzling beauty of innumerable ſtars, that (notwithſtanding the brightneſs of the above mentioned northern lights) ſhone with inconceivable luſtre, and above all, the ſtate of my own mind, occaſioned indeſcribable emotions.—I gazed—pauſed—and, O Sir James, ſhall I confeſs?—Will you not accuſe a ſoldier of puſillanimity, if he owns himſelf ſubject to a blameable weakneſs?——Yes, blameable in many reſpects.—But *here*, penetrated with an awful ſenſe of my *then* prevailing unhappineſs, it was ſurely excuſable,—and I fairly own that tears of diſtreſs burſt unreluctant from my eyes.—Adieu, my deareſt friend, I will no longer put your generous ſenſibility to the teſt.

From

From the Same to the Same.

NEVER ſhall *this* day be forgotten.—Diſtinguiſhed as it is for the re-union of two loving and beloved friends.—This day, dear Sir James, has ſeen one of my earneſt wiſhes gratified.—Beville, the generous Beville, has admitted to his unlimited confidence the man who once ſought his life with an inveteracy unparallelled.—His ſtrong affection even the ſword of miſguided paſſion could not annihilate.—When I entered the room, he was ſitting in a chair; pale,—languid,—emaciated.—No traces of a martial ſpirit beaming in his ſunken eyes.—What an intereſting object!—The ſight unmanned me,—Sir James, I was weaker than infantine tenderneſs.—He held out his hand, and, in a tremulous voice, ſaid,—"Stanley, I rejoice to ſee thee. "—Come, thou *ſtill* dearer friend, and re-"ceive this hand as a token of friendſhip "renewed."

His

His manner affected me much, and, joined to my own cutting ſenſations, renewed every pang which had ſo long harraſſed my grief-worn mind.—

"What, not *one* word? Stanley, I forget "every diſagreeable occurrence.—We ſhall "again be happy, and the more ſo for our "late interruption.—Accept this friendly "hand, or I ſhall think your mind is ſtill a "prey to dark ſuſpicion."—

I Would have kneeled, Sir James, (for I thought it not *too* much to *kneel* to abuſed friendſhip,) but the very attempt at ſuch a humiliating conceſſion threw him into an agony, and I deſiſted.—By degrees, we fell into rational converſation.—Had Maria's health been then eſtabliſhed, I ſhould have thought myſelf ſupremely bleſt.—

This morning arrived the unfortunate Thompſon.—The traces of ſorrow are ſtrongly marked on his rugged features.—how earneſtly he petitions for a ſight of my drooping invalid! but I am fearful ſuch an interview might prejudice her, in her *more* than languid ſituation, for

for ſhe yet has only intervals of reaſon and thoſe extremely tranſient.—

MERCIFUL God! in pity to this ſuffering angel and her ſorrowing friends, reſtore thoſe uncommon intellects which diabolical cruelty has overthrown!

No longer able to refuſe my friend, I ventured to introduce him to the chamber of ſickneſs.—Drawing near the bedſide, we beheld the dear creature in a profound ſleep, the firſt natural reſt ſhe has taken ſince,—O my God! ſince I left her.—What a ſoul-moving figure! —A ſlight tinge of red ſuffuſed her delicate cheek.—Her languid countenance exactly anſwered Young's beautiful deſcription of his daughter.—"Soft, modeſt, melancholy, fe-"male, fair." One ſnowy hand was thrown over her forehead, (which was ſhaded with a large laced cap,) and almoſt hid that admired part of her face; the other hand embraced my lovely cherub, who lay ſlumbering by her ſide.—The ſweeteſt boy that ever crowned the hopes of a delighted parent.—When Thompſon beheld this intereſting appearance,

pearance, he claſped his fingers, and large drops of tears bedewed his ſun-burnt cheeks. —Falling on his knees, he imprecated curſes on the authors of our affliction, and, almoſt in the ſame breath, put up ardent petitions for the recovery of my dear Maria.—

"WONDER not Stanley, (ſaid he) at my "my extraordinary agitation.—Such was once "Eliza.—Methinks I ſee her at this inſtant. "'Like this ſleeping innocent ſhe appeared, "when my barbarous treatment had brought "her to the gates of death."

HE then, at *my* motion, left the room in an agony of grief.—Poor Thompſon! His generoſity knows no bounds.—Were I to leave the management of pecuniary matters to him, he would out-do my moſt ſanguine expectations.—Alas! ſaid he once, "what is "money?—Dirt.—Droſs.—Can it leſſen the "heart-ach or purchaſe felicity to the wretch- "ed? Will it relieve the ſlighteſt bodily pain "or remove the mental?—Helpleſs ſupport! "when on that alone we depend for happi- "pineſs!—Would not any one ſuppoſe that

Thompſon

"Thompſon was in poſſeſſion of felicity?—
"And yet where is wretchedneſs like mine?—
"The morning ſun awakens me to miſery,
"and the evening ſhade, are welcome but for
"this conſideration, that they conceal my tor-
"turing grief from prying eyes."——

He is determined to ſettle near us,—to provide a plentiful ſubſiſtance for his ſon, but never to ſuffer the unfortunate youth to enter the doors of an offended parent.—Incloſed you will find the promiſed hiſtory of Eliza.—

You will not wonder that he ſpeaks with acrimony of his paſt behaviour to that unhappy fair-one, or that ſhe fell a ſacrifice to his unkindneſs.—Strange to reflect, that thoſe objects, who were created for the ſublimeſt purpoſes, and whoſe capacities, I will venture to affirm, are ſuch as need but the genial ſuccours of education to open and expand ideas which would do honour to their ſex,—ſtrange that thoſe valuable beings ſhould be preciſely the mark for unmanly cruelty to exerciſe its pernicious deſigns upon!—Is a female remarkable for ſenſe, beauty, youth, and every perfection

fection of body and mind, then is her ſituation more dangerous than pen can expreſs. She becomes, too often, the prey of the irrational part of our ſex, who wiſh to deſtroy thoſe very advantages which render her the object of the libertine's attention.—Surely ſuch a mode of proceeding is at once impolitic and infamous.—For, after fatigue of body, or in circumſtances of diſtreſs, where can the mind of man repoſe itſelf with ſuch ſecurity as with a tender female, whoſe intereſt is ſo cloſely interwoven with his own as to go hand in hand with her endeavours to ſoften his cares, ſooth his anguiſh, and render *home* a paradiſe of ſweets?—The man who is given up to debauchery, ſurfeited with exceſs, and who lives in the wild hurry of tumultuous pleaſure, can never experience that comfort, and, I *will* ſay, *rapture*, which the man of refinement knows who is united to a faithful amiable wife.—With the libertine, variety blunts appetite, exceſs takes off the edge of deſire, and he feels the bitter conſequences of a riotous courſe without experiencing that delicacy of

enjoyment

enjoyment which heightens and gives a poignant reliſh to the domeſtic ſweets of ſocial life. His home becomes a deſert.—Self intereſt ſways his dependents, and he diſſipates the moſt eſtimable treaſure of mortality without fulfilling one purpoſe for which he was created.—Forgive my taking up your time with reflections which muſt entirely coincide with thoſe of every rational being.—I will endeavour to make amends, by preſenting you with my friend's narrative.

Mr.

Mr. THOMSON *to Lieutenant* STANLEY.

ELIZA, my dear friend, was the daughter of a brave old warrior, who, after thirty years ſpent in the ſervice of Ruſſia, left the army from motives of diſguſt, and ſettled in Scotland, where he married a deſerving woman. —She left him one pledge of connubial tenderneſs, after living with him but five years. His love for the gentle Eliza was extreme, and never daughter merited paternal tenderneſs more than did that hapleſs maid.—She was one of thoſe truly feminine characters whoſe qualifications render them ſo valuable in domeſtic life.—Mild to a degree of timidity, ſhe had ſcarcely ſpirit to *acknowledge* an injury, much leſs to *reſent* it. Ever eager to oblige, her own peace of mind was but a ſecondary conſideration, and the ſacrifice of her quiet ſhe deemed an offering due to a friend. Beloved by all, but feared by none, this amiable creature lived for nineteen years the darling

of her father, and (from the philanthropy of her diſpoſition) a bleſſing to herſelf and all around her.—Her perſon, as her mind, was caſt in the ſofteſt mould; delicate but no beauty; rather inclinable to fragility, from a tender conſtitution; too tender, indeed, to bear the rough ſhock of adverſity which ſo deeply wounded her gentle frame.—Such was the ſweet maid when, our regiment being ordered to Scotland, I became extremely intimate with captain Lutzen, and conſequently with his favourite Eliza.—Gueſs the fruits of that intimacy. It is unneceſſary to dwell upon the various artifices ſuggeſted by a fertile brain to ruin the peace of an unſuſpecting female.—The maxims of honour, inſtilled by her noble-minded father, added to the ſimplicity of a confined education, and, above all her own generous abhorrence of duplicity, proved the ſource of thoſe evils they ought to have prevented.—The innocent creature repoſed an unlimited confidence in her bittereſt enemy.—The father reſted his daughter's ſecurity on the honour of a ſoldier.—Miſtaken confidence!

confidence!—False security!—O that I had not contaminated that honour!—That I had not ruined the peace of a blameless virgin!—To do justice to my love, I must accuse myself of cruelty, which the height of youthful folly cannot excuse.—Long was the correspondence continued ere my abused friend, Lutzen, suspected aught was amiss in the conduct of his dear Eliza.—But the fatal truth flashed sudden conviction, with circumstances too palpable to admit the least doubt.—Where were sorrow and confusion equal to the unhappy daughter's, when taxed by an awful judge (for in that light she consid. red an irritated father,) with a crime so repugnant to his notions of delicacy and honour?—She trembled, she sunk, under his deprecated displeasure.—In vain were her equivocal reasonings, her tender remonstrances.—Convinced of foul dishonour, he waited but for the knowledge of that wretch who had sullied a name till then spotless and unblemished.—But when he heard the crime attributed to him who was under weighty obligations, (such indeed was

the caſe,) he was ſilent,—for words were too weak to expreſs his feelings.—But that awful ſilence indicated the gathering of a dreadful tempeſt,—which alas! from my cruelty, burſt with fatal conſequences upon the dear Eliza.—Being at ſome diſtance from Edinburgh, the unwelcome news was tranſmitted me by a letter from the poor victim.—Stanley, can it be credited, that my buſineſs in the country was a matrimonial ſcheme? Fortune, curſt fortune, was my ſole inducement.—Is it in nature to ſuppoſe, that, regardleſs of my ſuffering love's ſituation, I could leave her to miſery and ſhame? Yes, too certain is the ſuppoſition, and I met deſerved ſucceſs.—Fearful that Lutzen's diſpleaſure ſhould impede my project, which bore a flattering appearance, I haſtened to town, confuſed and unhappy.—But, when I beheld the reſidence of my deceived girl, terrors inexpreſſible ſeized my coward heart.—The agonies I felt were ſuch as the guilty ſoul might know, when about to leave its earthly tenement.—Well may I call *that* heart *cowardly*

ardly which could ſuggeſt the worſt of evils and then dread to face the conſquence of them. —The ſight of Lutzen, who that moment paſſed me, with eyes caſt down, folded arms, and diſtreſs in every agitated feature, completed my torment.—He ſaw me not, and I haſtened from abuſed friendſhip with the ſame horror a man would feel who ſeeks to ſhun the widow of him whom he has barbarouſly murdered.—Notwithſtanding my reluctance, I was obliged next morning to attend this much-wronged family.—My diſtreſſed Eliza met her diſtroyer with a countenance O how dejected!—Her ſituation, which was apparent, ſeemed to announce the impending ruin juſt ready to overwhelm the the amiable creature, and forced a tear from my eye, which ſhe tenderly wiped from the cheek of diabolical hypocriſy, and conducted me to a parlour where her father was ſitting. —When I entered, he ſtarted, and diſcovered the drops of anguiſh ſtealing down his furrowed countenance.—He took his daughter by the hand, and, leading her to the ſpot where I

was abſolutely fixed,—" See (ſaid he) the " ſituation of Godfrey Lutzen's daughter, " the only hope of worn-out age, and the once- " indulgent ſoother of parental ſorrows.—Say, " canſt *thou* recompence the *man* who prefers " death, in any form, to the ſhadow of diſ- " honour?"

I WOULD have ſpoken, but he went on, " Be ſilent, monſter, nor aim to prove that " he, who has been deteſtably cruel, can be " equally mean.—Take that ſword, (pointing " to one which lay on the table,) take that " ſword, (which never yet was drawn in a " wrong cauſe,) and pierce the heart of a " wretched father, whoſe darling's peace of " mind thou haſt ſo vilely murdered."——

HIS words, his manner, thrilled my ſoul, and I felt myſelf *indeed* a coward. " Hear " me, ſir,"—and I fell on my knees.——

" BE ſilent Thompſon, and trouble me no " longer, but take that ſcourge of a wounded " parent from his ſight." So ſaying, he ſpurned the weeping Eliza from his feet, where

where ſhe had kneeled with me, and left us the moſt miſerable pair exiſting.——

THIS proved almoſt fatal to my unhappy girl.—She was carried to a houſe, where the agony of her mind brought on that conſequence which produced my unfortunate ſon.—

DURING this dreadful interval, my intended bride arrived at Edinburgh, and I found myſelf under the neceſſity of ſmothering my chagrin before her.—Eliza was, by ſome means, informed of my baſe intentions, and the cruel duplicity I had been guilty of.—But ſhe expoſtulated not.—Ever patient and forgiving, the gentle creature ſought, by the mildneſs of her temper, *only* to conciliate my affections.—And ſhe did conciliate them.—Yet was inſenſible to the tender claim of an infant ſon.—Yet was I inſenſible to the rights of an injured *wife*, for ſuch ſhe might be conſidered, if the moſt ſacred promiſes on my ſide, added to an unremitted conſtancy on hers, could demand a title to an honourable amends.—

—Even in the moments of proteſtations and

vows to the deceived miſs Scot, my heart gave the lie to thoſe effuſions produced by diſhoneſt inſincerity.—Wretch that I was, to retain my purpoſe of adding diſtreſs to affliction.—The evening before the propoſed completion of my infamous intentions, I went to paſs an hour with my declining Lutzen.—She had juſt left her bed, and was ſupported in her chair by a female attendant.—At my entrance, a languid ſmile beamed through her faded features, and faintly ſhe ſaid.—"Never was "Thomſon's preſence ſo welcome as at this "moment.—Methinks I feel the impoſſi-"bility of enjoying this my only happineſs." Her affecting language and death-like countenance, were by no means calculated to raiſe my ſpirits, already depreſſed with a ſenſe of my own duplicity. I begged her to be cheerful.—She anſwered, with a faultering voice, "No, Thomſon, it is for miſs Scot, to evince "ſigns of joy, not the forſaken Eliza.—Soon "will her troubles be at the wiſhed for period. "Yes, George, I am well acquainted with "your

"your culpable conduct. May you never have "cauſe to lament the errors of thoughtleſs "youth."

PATIENT angel! Mild and gentle were her reproofs, but they ſtruck terror to my guilty ſoul.——Alas this was nothing to the ſhock that ſucceeded.—A voice below in tremendous accents, uttered,—"He's here.—"I *know* the *villain's* here."—And immediately entered—captain Lutzen.——Eliza ſcreamed and fainted.—The father haſtened to ſupport his dying daughter.—I ſtood torpid with grief, ſurpriſe, and terror. When her fleeting ſenſes were recalled, notwitſtanding extreme weakneſs, ſhe fell on her knees, and in that ſupplicating attitude begged pity and forgiveneſs.——

"SOON (ſaid ſhe) the tedious conflict muſt "be over.—Pardon, O my father, the victim "to her fatal indiſcretion.—Thy laſt bleſſing "would ſmooth the pillow of dying penitence, "extract the thorns implanted by diſobedience "in this wretched boſom, and gently waft the "troubled ſoul to everlaſting reſt."

What a petition!—and urged with all the affecting eloquence of female oratory!—The father ſpoke not.—How *ſhould* he ſpeak?—Love, pity, and deſpair, ſtruggling in his ſoftened countenance, at laſt, a heavy ſigh gave utterance to theſe words.

"I *do* forgive my daughter.—The parent *will* not curſe a repentant child.—But *who* "ſhall forgive this atrocious villain, who, un-"der the moſt ſacred engagements to *thee*, "injured girl, has dared to pledge himſelf to "*another?*—Tomorrow's ſun is to witneſs "the ratification of his horrid perjury.—*An-"ſwer* me, Thompſon; if thy execrable *cow-"ardice* will permit, anſwer a father, whoſe "polluted honour demands ſatisfaction.—

THIS was *too* much.—I motioned to draw my ſword, forgetful of the dying Eliza, and every circumſtance but the fancied inſult.—*Coward!*—It was not to be borne.—

"COME, ſaid the deſperate Lutzen, I ſee "thou haſt ſome ſpirit left."

HE drew and preſſed upon me.—My heart recoiled.—I retreated, but he would not be trifled

trifled with, and his ſuperior ſkill gave way to youth, ſtrength, agility.—He fell, the *father* of Eliza fell.—Horrible!—I drew the vital ſtream from him who had given life to my deareſt treaſure. Flinging away my ſword, I raiſed the wounded hero, and uttered a thouſand extravagancies.—Eliza was petrified with terror.—But, when ſhe ſaw her father fall, grief and rage animated every languid feature, and the overcharged ſpirits juſt gave her leave to ſay,——

"Stop barbarian!—It is enough!—*Fa-*
"*ther* and *daughter!*—O inhuman Thomp-
"ſon!"—Stanley, theſe were the laſt words of that broken-hearted excellence.—Still do I feel the poignant anguiſh of my ſoul, experienced in that fatal moment.

THE captain, raiſing himſelf upon his elbow and ſurveying the lifeleſs corpſe, ſaid,—
"Oh let me preſs thoſe pallid lips, while
"the breath of life performs its neceſſary
"functions.—But no.—She's gone. O my
"child, we ſhall be ſoon united." * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Stanley,

Stanley, the ſcene will be for ever impreſſed upon my my mind.—

Poor Lutzen ſurvived his daughter but an hour, and *one* tomb incloſed the lamented pair.—Neceſſity, concurring with inclination, induced me to quit Edinburgh immediately, and I left Scotland and my intended bride, to ſeek for peace in diſtant countries.—But the idea of guilt was too ſtrongly impreſſed upon a wounded conſcience to be eraſed by time or ſituation. At the expiration of five years I ventured to England, and, urged by parental tenderneſs, ſent for my infant ſon, who had been carefully attended, during that period, by a faithful ſervant of the unfortunate Lutzen.—The poor child was utterly ignorant of his origin, and, as matters were ſituated, I was induced to continue the deception.—To *thee*, my Stanley, was I indebted for the tranſient gleams of peace which thy ſenſible and ſoothing converſation would ſometimes give riſe to in my afflicted boſom.—Yet would my reſtleſs ſituation engage me in ſcenes of diſſipation which had no other effect than

than to ſtifle, for a moment, the thoughts of paſt misfortunes and conſume a moderate pittance that would, with œconomy, have contributed to ſupport me through a tedious exiſtence.——

It was not in the power of time or any other ſuccedaneum to ſoften entirely my painful ſenſe of the ever-to-be-regretted calamity, which acts, to this hour, with inconceivable force upon my heart.—And, to add to theſe afflictions, that ſon, from whom I had conceived the ſtrongeſt hopes of comfort, that ſon new-points my ſorrows.—But it is right.—It is in character from the almighty diſtributor of juſtice, and I will ceaſe to complain.—Stanley will pour the balm of friendſhip into the wounds of wretched

THOMPSON.

STANLEY

STANLEY *in Continuation.*

I HAVE tranſcribed the above narrative partly to ſtifle thoſe apprehenſions which now return with added force.—It is true, Maria is tolerably tranquil, and converſes with all her former elegance; yet there is ſomething on her countenance which implies concealed diſtreſs.—Were lady Trevor in England, her preſence might enliven the dear invalid.—Often does ſhe ſpeak with pleaſure of her Iſabel's cheerful wit, and I am led to think it might contribute to baniſh anxiety which ſpreads a thoughtful caſt over her delicate features.—She has this day applied to her pen, againſt the tender intreaties of our affectionate mother. With this enormous packet I ſhall ſend Maria's letter, addreſſed to lady Trevor.

MARIA

MARIA *to Lady* TREVOR.

IS it poſſible after ſuch repeated ſorrows, Maria ſhould again have it in her power to correſpond with deareſt Iſabel?—Is it poſſible ſhe ſhould riſe ſuperior to the vengeance of a cruel enemy, the reſentment of a deluded huſband, the reputed death of an ineſtimable man, the diſtreſs of friends in conſequence of her various woes, and to finiſh the ſhocking cataſtrophe, a tedious depravation of ſenſe, without one glimpſe of reaſon to illumine her darkened mind?—Amazing power of Omnipotence! Be grateful, O my ſoul, to that Being who has cleared thy wounded fame, reſtored thy clouded faculties, and been indulgent to the inceſſant importunities of thy ſorrowing friends.—

AND yet lady TREVOR, Maria feels herſelf wretched, without power to reveal the latent cauſe to any one but thee.—Stanley and Beville mean to renew their intimacy, in all its former latitude.—But will not the mind of

Henry

Henry imbibe a taint from recent misfortunes? —The man, who has once given way to infernal ſuſpicion, may again harbour the deſtructive gueſt.—You know not the agitation of my mind from even a ſlight retroſpect of former events.—I dare not give way to intenſe thought, leſt it bring on a conſequence that may be fatal to this ſhattered frame.—From thee, my deareſt friend, I expect comfort, and from thy ſalutary counſels ſtrength to this weakened heart.—Were your conſolations offered in perſon, amazing effects might be expected from them, as my wayward weakneſs muſt give way to your ſuperior arguments.——

Lady

Lady TREVOR *to* MARIA STANLEY.

YES, Maria, with thee I join in devout acknowledgements to the diſpenſer of mercies for his indulgent kindneſs, who has granted to our fervent wiſhes thine ineſtimable merit. —But, my friend, why thoſe delicate (though unneceſſary) apprehenſions?——Were your mind in its former ſtrength, Maria would not give a *thought* to contingencies ſo uncertain, nay, I may venture to pronounce, ſo repugnant to the preſent diſpoſition of affairs. —Away with melancholy and her rueful train, too long has ſhe reigned paramount at Burton wood. Has not every circumſtance contributed to remove the cloud from Stanley's eyes—What can you poſſibly expect from him, in future, but increaſing love and veneration, I had almoſt written, adoration?—Believe thy Iſabel, Maria's empire is more ſtrongly founded than before this calamitous

buſineſs.

buſineſs. Has he not *tried* thy virtue?—Sore was the trial, but thou art come off a glorious victor.—Can there be a ſtronger proof of his dependence on your integrity than this renewed friendſhip preſents?—How different would my arguments turn on this ſubject? The very circumſtance that gives you unhappineſs would be, to me, proof poſitive that every ſuſpicious thought was totally removed.—Reſt thy confidence on Stanley's diſpoſition, *that* alone is ſufficient ſecurity.—Remember what arts, what a coalition of circumſtances, were found neceſſary to work up jealouſy in his mind.—And, when thoſe helliſh arts ſucceeded, too generous to conceal his ſuſpicion, he immediately ſought retaliation.—There is no Stockley to ſtand between thee and felicity.—The world cannot again produce ſo deep, ſo practiſed, a deſigner.—For heaven's ſake, Maria, baniſh every thought that may interrupt thy recovered tranquility, or I ſhall think your diſpoſition more properly fitted to the keen blaſt of adverſity than the genial ſunſhine of proſperity.—Adieu,

my

my dear girl, let your next be not quite ſo much in the penſeroſo ſtile.——

MARIA, I have juſt received intelligence which has a wonderful effect on my ſpirits; may it operate equally on yours.—Sir James has at laſt given way to my entreaties, and I ſhall hope once more to viſit "Poor "old England."—It is exceedingly probable that I ſhall be with you in about three weeks from the date of this.—Oh the tranſporting thought! It is moſt likely I ſhall paſs the winter at Burton-Wood, where cheerful converſation and the company of my deareſt friends will contribute to leſſen if not totally deſtroy, the chilling influence of January's froſt; for I think we do but commence winter with the new year.—My huſband is abſolutely jealous of Stanley; but I ſhall leave him to take his revenge, and the duce is in it if he prefers not elegant refinement, unaſſuming merit, and the moſt amiable delicacy, to the inferior talents of his ſprightly Iſabel.—But take care of yourſelf, Maria; you know not the advantage of French freedom over Engliſh baſhfulneſs.

ſulneſs.—Your friend moſt poſitively make a conqueſt, and, ſhould I fail with Stanley, there is yet one formidable hero to ſet my cap at.—I ſuppoſe your ſagacity will be for pointing out the colonel.—Ah! Maria I ſhall certainly make the attack, if his heart be not fortified with impregnable bars.—But whither, O pen, wouldſt thou carry thy volatile miſtreſs?—Remember me, dear girl, to all friends at Burton Wood; particularly convey my joyful felicitations to my dear venerable correſpondent.—For every tear ſhe has made me ſhed, I will return her—ſmiles innumerable.—Sir James has received an affecting letter from Marſhall.—He is now on his paſſage.—The letter was brought by a gentleman whoſe ill ſtate of health obliged him to relinquiſh the voyage.—I will incloſe it, though ſo ſoon to meet my friend.—

Mr.

Mr. MARSHALL *to Sir* JAMES TREVOR.

EXILED by his vices from all the guilty Marſhall's ſoul reveres, he ſtill purſues with the mind's eye, thoſe invaluable friends he has left behind.—Still does recollection preſent, in all its blackneſs, the dire tranſaction which has drawn upon him the bitter conſequences he yet laments.—

BUT for inexcuſable errors, Marſhall might now be rejoicing in the preſence of thoſe who will be ever precious to his thoughts. Yes, Sir, I will encourage the ſweet (though ſad) remembrance, while life ſhall lengthen my miſeries.—But Oh! there is another pang which ſtrikes deep.—I know not but the authors of my wretched exiſtence (ſhould they be living) may, ere this, be aſcertained of their ſon's infamy.—Or, ſhould they be no more, I have the tormenting anguiſh to be deprived of every natural protection.—But have

have I not thrown myſelf out of *that* protection which rendered a parent's care ſuperfluous;—Once did my benefactor anſwer, to my repeated inquiries, after the authors of my being, "Seek not to know what can "never yield *thee* pleaſure.—Thy father is "abroad; ſhould he return, the myſtery will "be explained."

ALAS! *ſhould* he return, full of hope and tranſport, what will be his diſappointment to find an invaluable friend made miſerable by that ſon on whom he had reſted the ſtrongeſt expectation of future happineſs?—Excuſe, my good ſir, this liberty.—The unhappy will complain.—Your kind attention to a wretched youth, in the moments of diſtreſs has drawn upon you this trouble from the unfortunate

MARSHALL.

MARIA

MARIA STANLEY *to Lady* TREVOR.

THOUGH ſo ſoon expecting to meet my beloved Iſabel, I cannot help writing to the lateſt period of her abſence.

How will thy benevolent ſoul be gratified, to know, Maria is once more within reach of exalted happineſs!—Yes, lady Trevor, your laſt letter, added to the endearments of a tenderly beloved huſband, have entirely diſſipated thoſe clouds of apprehenſion which threw a heavy gloom over my hopeful proſpect.—Methinks the late interruption to my felicity has but inſtructed me to ſet a greater value upon returning happineſs.—Yet am I not reſponſible for any omiſſion of duty to my Stanley.—Of *that* crime my ſoul ſtands clear.—You have often oppoſed to my argument the *neceſſity* of retribution in this life, but I cannot grant your conſequence, in that contended matter.—It is true, the hypocrite too often purſues the track of villainy, till, diſcovered

covered by an inattention to his deep concerted plot, he exhibits to the world the groſſneſs of his deſigns.—Thus much ſtands in favour of your adopted hypotheſis. But ſtill it may and has happened that crimes of an atrocious nature have been concealed to the lateſt moment of expiring guilt.—For is it not agreeable to our conceptions of almighty Greatneſs to ſuppoſe he may ſometimes reſerve to himſelf the privilege of rewarding or puniſhing, in a future ſtate, without expoſing vice in this life or relieving ſuffering innocence?—May it not ariſe from a trial of goodneſs, and to prove the conſtant ſteadineſs of the patient Chriſtian, even to the languiſhing bed of uncomplaining faith?—On the contrary, why may not the juſtice, or rather mercy, of God, leave hardened wickedneſs unpuniſhed to the laſt period, merely to try if lenient methods will not recall him to a proper ſenſe of guilt?—But I will not yet allow, in our own particular caſe, retribution has been ſtrikingly held up, in the almoſt miraculous recovery of Beville,—the bleſſed effects of Marſhall's

ſhall's confeſſion,—the premature death of unhappy Stockley,—and, above all, my own merciful reſtoration to health and ſenſe.—So that, in this retroſpect, I would only wiſh to prove, that rewards and puniſhments do not *always* take place in this world.—But are poſſibly ſometimes intended to ſet forth the omnipotence of that Deity who can extend or diminiſh the time of our probation, according to his own wiſe ſenſe of things.—*You* will forgive my ſerioufneſs upon this important ſubject, nor think it uncharacteriſtic from one who is a ſtriking example of heaven's mercy.—Haſten, my dear friend, the moment of my confirmed felicity, which muſt take its date from your arrival at Burton-Wood.—

Lady TREVOR *to* MARIA STANLEY.

NOW could I moralize upon the uncertainty of all ſublunary enjoyments,—the benefits of that exemplary virtue, *patience*,—the advantage of diſappointment to an impetuous ſpirit,—with a thouſand et cæteras,—but, alas! all will prove inſufficient to leſſen my ſenſe of this unexpected procraſtination.—Provoking!—Why, my dear Maria, I muſt ſtill languiſh, pine, and wiſh, and all in vain; for Sir James is obliged to take a ſecond trip to Verſailles, which may poſſibly detain us another month. O the mortifying effects of public conſequence!—Would you think it credible that the company of an Engliſhman ſhould be coveted by his native enemies, while the two nations are aiming at the extinction of each other?—It is a poſitive fact, and poor Iſabel's patience is a martyr to the unwelcome truth:—So far unwelcome Maria, as it deprives me of a long-expected pleaſure.—Well, it is a thouſand pities this national antipathy does not ſubſide.—The French people are, poſitively, many of them, friendly and good-humoured, and *all* of them *extremely* lively.—Engliſh ſolidity tempered with French volatility

volatility would abſolutely form an excellent diſpoſition; but I believe they are, like vinegar and oil, very difficult to mix.—From whence aroſe the above mentioned antipathy?—Do you know, Maria?—Stay, let me ſee what my ſagacity can make of it.——

In early days, Edwards, Henrys, and the heroes of old, moſt certainly made our neighbours look ſmall in their own eyes; conſequently, they deteſted the renowned conquerors and their noble deſcendants, who did, and I truſt ever *will*, make them look about them.—So much for the cauſe on the Gallic ſide of the queſtion.—Now for old England.—If I am not miſinformed, they were memorable for their punctilious performance of national treaties.—Not ſo the French.—An infamous breach of the moſt ſolemn agreements has rendered them deſpicable even to a proverb.—Upon conſideration, then, we ſhall no longer wonder at what may ſeem ſurpriſing, on a tranſient view.—For it is not natural for a lover of truth to deſpiſe and hold in utter contempt that moſt deteſtable object in God's creation,—*a liar?* And may we not as eaſily account for French antipathy, founded on a leſſening ſenſe of their own infe-

riority?—*Certainly.* And, whilſt this hatred to each other holds, there will ever be a foundation for feuds and animoſity.—

WELL, Maria, have I analiſed the latent cauſe with preciſion and juſtice?—Iſabel is but a bungling politician.—She can, however, wiſh well to her country, without the ſmalleſt injuſtice to an enemy.—Sir James is this moment entered to take his leave of your diſappointed friend.—Hear his remark upon the above performance;—or rather, *read* it, for I have given up the pen.

Sir James writes.

YES, my dear madam, lady Trevor has *indeed* given up the pen, but *not* her lively imagination.—*You* ladies beat us all to nothing in a ſentimental correſpondence.—We cannot attempt to conteſt a point in which you have ſo eminently the advantage.—Do not be offended, if I ſay ſprightlineſs in a certain ſubſtitute for ſound learning, in ladies letters.——And I give it as my poſitive opinion, that the elaborate performances of men of ſenſe are much ſeldomer read than the volatile lucubrations of female authors; and the *former* too often lie neglected, in our circulating libraries, while the *latter* are peruſed with avidity

dity and pleaſure.—Perhaps you will cenſure me for openly declaring ſentiments which at firſt ſight, may appear derogatory to thoſe advantages you have received from nature and a ſuperficial review of men and manners.—No ſuch thing, my good madam.—I will grant your conſequence in every particular relating to quickneſs of genius, choice of expreſſion, and an eaſy flow of words properly adapted to your ſubjects.—But let not a woman go out of her depth.—She ſhall declaim againſt the vices of the age.—She may moralize,—trifle,—and change her opinion,—as often as the cameleon does his colour.—All this will I allow. It is her forte.—But, for heaven's ſake, *what* has *ſhe* to do with politics. Here has my ſaucy wife flouriſhed away upon—national antipathies,—cauſes,—effects,—and I know not what.—And (if I dare be ſo bold) I affirm, her diſcuſſion of the laboured point proves but an imperfect diſplay of talents which may properly be called exotics in the female mind.—

Lady Trevor writes.

And why *exotics?* I would aſk.—Suppoſing they are *not* the natural produce of the genial climate, it is exceedingly probable they

may gain by the tranſition from a cold barren ſoil to the more fruitful regions of poliſhed learning. You will allow us many advantages over you, in what you call ſuperficial points.—Take care, my friend, we do not ſteal thoſe vaſt acquiſitions you value yourſelf ſo much upon, and leaving nothing but the mortifying reflection to find you are ſurpaſſed by the very beings whom, at preſent, you ſeem to regard but as an inferior ſex, created merely as a foil to your mighty and irreſiſtible qualifications.—Provoking creature would time permit, I I would effectually ſilence your arrogant arguments.—Depend upon it, the firſt opportunity that offers ſhall be employed in vindicating thoſe from whom you derive advantages too diffuſive to be enumerated without full conſideration.—

Sir James writes.

I AM exceeding happy that lady Trevor thinks *full* conſideration neceſſary to be employed in the inveſtigation of a matter ſo important as the advantages of a liberal education to the fair ſex.—I ſhall enter the liſts with pleaſure, and courageouſly contend this point with my able adverſary.—Adieu, madam, depending on *your* forgiveneſs *at leaſt*, I ſubſcribe myſelf your and Mr. Stanley's moſt devoted

J. T.

Lady Trevor writes.

No, Maria, *you* cannot forgive him, I am certain.—Is he not ſtriking at the very root of of our laudable ambition? is he not ſeeking to deprive us of the very *power* to ſhine in our literary productions?—For, as I have ſomewhere read, encouragement is abſolutely neceſſary to call forth talents which, but for the kindneſs of friends in drawing them out to notice, would for ever lie hidden in obſcurity.—I begun this letter in all the dejection conſequent upon a cruel diſappointment.—I ſhall end—in all the joy of heart-felt exultation.—Sir James has given me permiſſion (as the time of his return is uncertain) to ſet out immediately for Burton-wood.—Will you not forgive his ſaucy liberties with our ſex? Yes, you anſwer.—But, my dear Maria, I muſt yet have the laſt word with him.—I think it is in my power to to make him confeſs an equality, at leaſt.—And that you know would be doing a great deal, with one whoſe notions are at preſent tyrannically deſpotic.—Farewell, my beſt-beloved friend.—Short will be the time intervening between me and extatic happineſs.—

Lady TREVOR *to Sir* JAMES TREVOR.

NEVER was diſappointment equal to Stanley's, when he found your Iſabel alone, at Dover.—His chagrin ſeemed to ſtrengthen from recollection.—Not all my *ſprightly chat* could produce ought but a languid ſmile, and fruitleſs wiſhes that ſir James were here, to take his ſhare of that felicity which wanted but his preſence to perfect.—I told the honeſt man, if he were not ſatisfied with your repreſentative, I would by all means, wiſh him to take a trip to the continent, and uſe his *powerful* eloquence, (mine had already failed,) to induce you to return with him.—This naturally gave riſe to a profuſion of compliments, which I as *naturally* diſclaimed.—"Certainly, "(you obſerve) my Iſabel loves not flattery." —Ah! ſir James, I have not forgotten my promiſe.—The horſes almoſt flew with us till we attained a diſtant view of Burton-Wood.—The ſweet cottage, ſtripped of its leafy ornaments, appeared riſing from the autumal waſte like a ſcene of enchantment. —With painful pleaſure (if I may couple words ſo contraſted) did my eye run over each remarkable ſpot, once celebrated by my dear

Maria.

Maria.—Deſcending the hill oppoſite the houſe, (which from its declivity, we were obliged to do with the utmoſt caution,) Stanley ſighed,—but it was not the ſigh of pleaſure, —for I traced the progreſs of a tear along the averted cheek.—"There, lady Trevor, "(he ſaid, pointing to a venerable oak) on that "fatal ſpot was reclined the inſidious Stockley. "—O what a baneful enemy to my happi- "neſs!—To what a monſter did I tender the "foſtering hand of lenient kindneſs!—And "yonder, my dear madam, in that rural re- "ceſs, (looking upon a building conſtructed in the line of ſimplicity, near the charming dwelling, and which was rendered perfectly perceptible from the effects of equinoctial winds,) "there did I ſpurn, with indignant "rage, my faultleſs wife!—never ſhall I "forget."—"Poh, poh, friend, we muſt all "forget the diſagreable, when ſuch felicity "awaits us."—It was time to rally, for my companion ſeemed ſo entirely in the penſeroſo ſtile that he might have affected me with the pernicious gloom.—Arrived at the agreeable ſpot, I jumped from my chaiſe, and leaving my dolorous companion, ran into the houſe and—what ſay you, ſir James, to a pathetic deſcripti-

deſcription? You have allowed us a flow of words, and ſo forth, you know. Perhaps *I ſhall not go out of my depth*, when I attempt to paint a ſcene *you* will poſſibly deem proper for a female pen.—In a neat little parlour, elegantly hung with a light chintz, and furniſhed with the different apparatus of geography and muſic, ſat the friend of my heart.—Her ſweet infant at her feet, diverting himſelf with an Italian greyhound.—Upon a ſofa was repoſed the venerable mother, who had given way to a ſweet ſlumber.—Her beloved Maria was checking the dear boy, leſt his playful ſprightlineſs might awaken the good Mrs. Stanley.—I ſtood for a moment contemplating the ſtriking groupe, when Maria obſerved me.—But here deſcription fails.—Not the moſt maſterly pencil could delineate ſuch a form as Maria Stanley's.—Her very dreſs gave and received grace from the happy diſpoſition of every thing about her.—An elegant light-brown ſattin polaneſe exhibited the delicacy of a lovely complexion to the greateſt advantage, and was perfectly in character, the weather being cold, for the ſeaſon; which made a beautiful ſhawl that ſhe wore, of her own work, (for Maria is an œconomiſt) the more

the more neceſſary.—Her ſweet languid features were for the moment animated with a rich ſuffuſion; and thoſe eyes, which Stanley ſo particularly admired, ſparkled with unuſual luſtre.—Henry, entering, expreſſed *his* ſatisfaction, and proteſted he knew but one thing wanting to complete our happineſs. —"True (interrupted Maria) you are come "alone."—(Obſerve *that*, ſir James, ought I not to have patience?) "Yes, Mrs. Stanley (in a dejected accent) "I am *indeed* come *alone*, "my huſband was determined to try the "ſtrength of your affection, and ſent his "poor Iſabel but as the harbinger of a great-"er pleaſure."—This ſally occaſioned a general ſmile.—Henry's mother, awakened by the joyful confuſion, came forward to meet us. Goodneſs and pleaſure beamed in her venerable countenance.—With grace inimitable ſhe bid me welcome to Burton-wood.—When, in the ſtile of capricious mortals, we had ſufficiently lamented one inconvenience, that of your abſence, condolence gave way to animating hope and heart-felt joy.—The amiable colonel joined the happy party in the evening, and with him came the unhappy Thompſon.—My heart bleeds for that unfortunate man.

man.—Eliza's death and Marſhall's error ſeem to embitter every pleaſing event.—Oh, but one word of Mr. Beville.—He is, in the moſt extenſive ſenſe of the word, all that we meet with in the polite gentleman, rational companion, and ſincere friend.—The complete ſoldier; elegant without effeminacy,—plain without roughneſs.—Adored by the ladies, and eſteemed by the gentlemen.—In ſhort, my dear ſir James, he is an ornament to the Britiſh army.—You bid me not wait for anſwers, I ſhall therefore write as occaſion offers.

Lady TREVOR *to Sir* JAMES TREVOR.

I SHALL now, my dear ſir James, endeavour to diſcharge the promiſe I formerly made to you.*—Recollection will ſoon explain my meaning—I ſhall ſtill inſiſt upon the capability of female genius, as it makes the caprice of your ſex the more extraordinary, who would ſeek to deprive us of thoſe advantages we have received from nature by confining us to a particular mode of education, which

* See page 222 of this volume.

which muſt totally exclude the poſſibility of enjoying that delightful pleaſure,—to explore the depth of ſcience, and render ourſelves more deſirable companions to thoſe who might, by their generous encouragement of female ingenuity, reap the advantage of what themſelves have taught.—What narrow conceptions!—to ſuppoſe it impoſſible for a woman to attend, at the ſame time, to ſcholaſtic learning and domeſtic offices.—I can aſſign but one reaſon for this mode of acting, in your ſex, and that will appear, perhaps, degrading.—May it not ariſe (in ſome of them,) from a ſenſe of their own incapability, which will not permit them to attend to more than the mere drudgery of education?—Not conſidering the ſprightlineſs of female talents, which, were they to receive the *ſame* attention, and be allowed the *ſame* inſtruction, might ſhine with equal ſplendor in all the branches even of abſtruſe learning.—Obſerve, I by no means contend for neglect in houſehold buſineſs.—In my opinion, there cannot be a more deſpicable being than a *merely-learned* woman.—Nor do I argue for the neceſſity of a liberal education in *all* our ſex, as there are many on whom attention of that kind would be abſolutely thrown

thrown away; and their ſituation in life will certainly preclude many more from a poſſibility of enjoying thoſe advantages.—What I would inſiſt upon is only this, that encouragement ſhould be given to thoſe whoſe laudable ambition leads them to wiſh for the contended opportunity of ſtriking into the paths of knowledge. Who will dare to pronounce a woman incapable of thoſe attainments when acquainted with a Cowley,—Barbauld,—Griffiths,—Cartwright,—More,—and many others?—Do you think we cannot oppoſe thoſe reſpectable names to the renowned poets of your ſex.—Moſt certainly.—And I could now name fifty ladies whoſe performances do honour to their ſex.—I was once aſked by a gentleman if I would wiſh to ſee female phyſicians, lawyers, clergymen, &c.—Why no, to be ſure.—The acquirements of thoſe dry but neceſſary ſtudies are fit *only* for your ſex.—Thoſe arts and ſciences which would render us reſpectable and of conſequence to ſociety are what I plead for.—A woman may be an excellent proficient in muſic who would be a bungler at an amputation.—And ſhe, who is a complete miſtreſs of geography, I will

will allow to be totally ignorant of the art ſailing.—Again.—I would rather hear a lady repeat, with preciſion and grace, the ſweet plaintive poetry of her own or female co-temporaries compoſition than have a ſolution from her of the moſt difficult points in law.—I could enlarge upon this ſubject, but fear I have already brought upon me your cenſure.—However I ſhall ſtill endeavour to defend our prerogatives, or, rather, to contend for the *right* we have to enjoy, in an equal degree with yourſelves, the benefits of a liberal education.—A few words more.—With what pleaſure have I read the productions or liſtened to the converſation of thoſe of my ſex who have dared, in defiance of male criticiſm, to aſſert their opinions, though in flat contradiction to the doughty heroes.—And with what delight have I acceded to the ſentiments of thoſe *gentlemen* (for ſome there are) who have perfectly adopted the above ſentiments.—Believe me, they have loſt nothing by the generous acquieſcence. For it is with truth I can ſay, thoſe *gentlemen* were remarkable for the juſtice of their notions in all other matters.——I wiſh to heaven we could argue

theſe points perſonally.—My dear ſir James, haſten the time of your departure.—Read what Maria ſays.—" Muſt buſineſs for ever " intervene to deprive your friends of the " only happineſs wanting to complete their " felicity?—Come, dear ſir, and rejoice with " the grateful Stanley and his happy wife.— " —You participated in our affliction, and " kindly bore a part in thoſe misfortunes we " once thought it irremediable, why not, " then, take a ſhare of that bliſs to which " yourſelf have generouſly contributed?"—

To the intreaties of this dear friend are added thoſe of Stanley, his mother, and, need I add, your

I. TREVOR.

FINIS.